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RED + DAY

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

John wanted a sweet, old-fashioned girl, but fell in love with a gay modern.

By...

L. A. CUNNINGHAM

ANORILY John stubbed his cigarette into the ash-tray. "I'm sick to death of girls imitating men," he declared vehemently. "And I'm sick to death of your silly, old-fashioned ideas!" retorted Margot, tossing her lovely close-cropped head.

They glared at each other across the width of the sofa. It was still another of their many quarrels, all of which had the same starting point—should or should not Margot wear her lovely auburn hair cropped mannishly close to her head?

Margot said emphatically, yes—John said still more emphatically, no.

"And it's not only your hair that's all wrong," he went on, most unwisely. "It's everything else as well. You're mad over these silly-looking slacks, you smoke and drink too much. It's time you and all those other silly young idiots realised that acting like a man won't make you one!"

Then, having got that off his chest, John's anger swiftly died.

"Margot," he said, and his voice was gentle now, "can't you only—only be you? Do you know the picture I have of you? Do you know what the real you should be? A girl with long curls and a sweet face, a little girl in a long, old-fashioned dress—a real girl!"

"Well, for goodness' sake!" Margot had sprung to her feet now, her face crimson with anger. "I never heard such—such old-fashioned rubbish. And what's more, I don't want to—I don't want to hear anything more from you. It's like your impertinence to—try and tell me what to do—and you can just go—and never come near me again!"

With which Margot burst into tears, slammed out of the room, and ran upstairs to fling herself on the bed in a fit of furious weeping.

"Serve him right if I went away,"

she sobbed.

"Right away, where he couldn't see me on his leave—"

And with that came the sudden, amazing decision—she would go right away—far, far away from him, to her Great-Aunt Emma. She would find herself a new war job, "digging for victory," on Great-Aunt Emma's farm.

Her mind now definitely made up, Margot dried her eyes and fiercely began to pack. John could go to the devil. If he didn't love her enough as she was, she would be better off without him.

Next day a rather dilapidated taxi brought Margot to Summit Cottage, and a bright-eyed, white-haired little woman who looked searchingly at her, and before an hour passed had wormed from her the story of why she had at last consented to make the long-deferred visit.

"So he wanted you to be more old-fashioned, eh?" said Great-Aunt Emma. "Long curls and lavender dresses—much like you were when you used to visit me long ago." The old lady laughed, and hearing that laugh, sweet, silvery, Margot forgot the snow-white hair and the ageing brow.

"And is it a severe quarrel?" questioned her aunt. "I know how stubborn you are, Margot. But won't you ever give in?"

"Lovely, child. Just like I was at your age," Great-Aunt Emma said in delight.

"I never will!"

"My dear, is it worth it?" the old lady went on gently. "And in wartime, of all times?"

"I don't care. I've a right to my independence," Margot returned obstinately. "He has no business to try and dictate to me, and I'll never let him do it—never!"

Great-Aunt Emma marked the quiver of the girl's sensitive nostrils, the determined light in her deep blue eyes.

She said teasingly, "I don't blame you. Never give in to a man—just let him think you do. I'm sure you'll be happy here."

Privately, Margot gravely doubted that—but life in the country proved a complete surprise. There was real work to be done here, urgent, worthwhile work, and the spilt girl was amazed to find herself quickly losing fads and fancies, whims and aches and pains in the pressing need of the task at hand.

But there was no denying to herself that she missed John terribly.

"He'll write—of course he'll write," she told herself at first. "He'd never stay angry with me for long—he'll write soon, begging forgiveness!"

And so, each day at first, she hurried to meet the mailman, eager and excited while still pretending anger even to herself.

But days merged into weeks, and weeks into months, and still no letter came. And letters that came from home did not even mention him. "Still he must give in, in the long run," Margot kept on telling herself, obstinately. "I was right and he was wrong, and he knows it very well."

Meanwhile, through these months, country life had wrought a transformation in Margot. With no hair-dresser at hand, the fatal argument had been settled, for she had had to let her hair grow. Anyway, she had long ceased to be always thinking of her appearance. But she was firmly resolved that before she went back to London she would have her hair cut.

She would be the same girl whom John had condemned as too modernistic. She would not give in.

Then there came the spell of wet weather. For days Margot found herself braving wind and rain, marvelling at the stubborn patience with which she pushed on with the duties that had to be done. On the third afternoon, however, it was really so wet that Great-Aunt Emma prevailed on her not to go out again after lunch.

"You've worked so hard, child," she declared. "Everything's in order, and it's so wet. You're entitled to an afternoon off."

"Well, perhaps I am," Margot agreed, then found herself wondering what on earth she was going to do with an afternoon off.

Once it would have meant inevitably meeting John—John on leave, John smiling and so handsome in his uniform, John who—

"Oh, bother John," she muttered to herself, annoyed to find that however hard she tried to thrust that troublesome young man from her thoughts he somehow would keep reappearing persistently in them.

"I know, Aunt Emma," she cried, then, with a desperate attempt at a new line of thought, "let's go and look at your things up in the attic—like I loved to do when I was a little girl."

The old lady's eyes sparkled with childish delight. They went up to the attic, and while the rain beat steadily on the roof they rummaged, laughing, through box after box of long-forgotten treasures.

Then presently, Great-Aunt Emma dragged from its age-old concealment a lavender dress, and together they laughed over it—its full sleeves, its quaint, old-fashioned charm.

"Put it on, child. Put it on till I see myself as I was fifty years ago."

The old lady's voice shook, and with tremulous hand she brushed away a tear, but when Margot was in her bedroom arraying herself Great-Aunt Emma smiled—a mischievous, wicked, young girl's smile. Coming up the mountain road she heard the asthmatic gasping of the old car that brought the mail. Her smile grew wider. "Nicely timed," she whispered.

Margot came from the bedroom—a vision of delight, her skin creamy, gold-tinted by the reflection of her hair and the tan the sun had caused. Long, thick curls fell about her shoulders.

The old lady gazed at her in delight.

"Lovely, child. Just like I was at your age. Now go to the door and open it for the old mail-driver. He remembers me as a girl when I first came here. I want to hear what he says. He will think it's my ghost."

Margot, laughing, tripped to the door: the wide, full skirt swishing and billowing about her. She opened it.

"John!"

For a breathless moment their eyes held, then he took her into his arms, burying his face in the thick coils of her hair, kissing it.

"You darling," he said. "For my sake you did this. You... oh, how I love you, Margot!"

Margot stiffened. She was on the point of telling him that she would become modernised in no time again, when Great-Aunt Emma coughed warningly.

Then, still in John's arms, Margot suddenly decided to act on



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MY HEART AS GREAT

She was word perfect on the stage, but uncertain of her right cue in real life.

LOVE me, or love me not, I like the cap:
And if I will have, or I will have none."
Martha stood frowning slightly with the duster poised above the occasional table, and repeated Katharina's words once more, with a different inflection.
"Love me—or love me not—I like the cap—"

That was better, she thought with satisfaction. She whisked the cloth across the polished surface of the table. As she went on to the mantelpiece, she was not Martha Jennings, of Little Polstead, but Katharina, daughter to Baptista, in "The Taming of the Shrew."

"I never saw a better-fashioned gown!" she cried, taking down a small lustre vase and dusting it.

Still a little uncertain of her lines in the fourth act, and the drama society's production was to-night! Not that she could, under any circumstances, forget her part when the moment arrived.

Four years as the acknowledged star of Little Polstead's dramatic group had proved to everybody's satisfaction that Martha was dependable. If only George Gordon would play up, now, as Petruchio! He'd done beautifully in rehearsal, but sometimes George lost his head.

As she put the duster in the broom cupboard, and began preparations for dinner, she went over her long speech in the final scene, her voice ringing above the sound of water running over a colander of spinach. With one section of her brain she was thinking: "Peel the potatoes, put in the pie, bath, dress . . ."

And with another section:
"My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason happy more."

Through the window, she could see four-year-old Barbara bending over the sandbox, digging with a small shovel. Mrs. Jennings' eyes rested on the curve of Barbara's shoulder, and she stopped peeling potatoes for a moment. It was nice, somehow—looking from the sunny kitchen and seeing Barbara there, content.

"But now I see our lances are but straws," she declaimed abstractedly. (Barbara, she was thinking, has torn the sleeve of her playsuit, but it is an old suit, anyway.)

The parings fell swiftly under the flashing knife. Her fingers dropped the potatoes deftly into a fat blue bowl. Stepping into the pantry, she scooped up flour from the bin.

She was sifting the flour for the third time when she happened to raise her eyes again to the window. There, framed between the white curtains, was a strange and disconcerting picture. As if by a sudden malignant spell, peace had vanished from the yard.

Barbara, no longer contentedly digging, now stood staunchly in the middle of the sandbox, with legs spread wide in an attitude of truculence. Her angry fists were filled with sand, and this she flung, with the enthusiasm of a miniature Val-kyrie, into the face of the boy from next door, stooping to scoop up fresh handfuls with amazing speed and determination.

The unfortunate five-year-old was howling lustily, wiping the sand from his eyes, but standing his ground on the farther side of the sandbox, while Barbara screamed at him:

"Go home! Go on home, you old breaker—you old horse! Look what you did, you old boy! I had a whole city!"—more sand in the vandal's face—"a whole city, with streets and houses and everything—and now you've spoiled it. You get out of my yard! You leave me—"

Martha threw open the window in horror, just as Mrs. Duckett ran through the side gate.

"Why, Barbara Jennings!" she cried, with the mock astonishment

accorded to children's wrongdoings by grown-ups. "What are you doing to David?"

"He spoiled my sand city," Barbara announced shamelessly. "I gave him a piece of my mind."

"You gave him sand in his eyes, too," said Mrs. Duckett, sourly. "How would you feel if David were blinded for the rest of his life?"

"I'd feel fine," said Barbara promptly. "Then he couldn't find my sandbox."

"You are a very naughty little girl," said Mrs. Duckett, putting an arm about her howling child.

Martha had reached the yard. "I'm so sorry," she said breathlessly. "David can come over here and play whenever he likes. I'll see that Barbara isn't rude again."

"No, he can't," Barbara declared flatly. "No, he can't, mummy."

"Come into the house, Barbara."

There was no trace of remorse in Barbara's flushed face as she marched firmly up the steps ahead of her mother. Martha closed the kitchen door with a sense of defeat. Good heavens—how should she deal with this unforeseen situation now? Dinner to get ready, Dick coming home in half an hour, and "The Taming of the Shrew" to-night!

"You must go upstairs," she spoke with an assurance she did not feel. . . . and undress and wash your face and hands and put on your pyjamas." It was a weak solution, she realised, with a sense of guilt, but to-night of all nights . . .

Barbara cheerfully gathered up her two picture books and a plush puppy from the kitchen chair and proceeded upstairs, prepared for a pleasant evening of solitude. She could be heard on the upper landing, singing a blithe song to herself.

"That's punishment," Martha muttered ironically. A bitter smile curled her lip as she turned again to the business of pastry making.

All her sense of well-being had evaporated. This was too much. She was quite inadequate to the situation. She should have been watching Barbara. She should have trained Barbara, in fact, not to behave like a savage. And now—she should have explained, with the grave patience of the model parent, wherein lay Barbara's error—with the emphasis on the positive qualities of kindness and courtesy.

Oh, yes, she knew all about child training. But—

Unaccustomed tears blinded her eyes for a moment, and she thrust the knife into the dough with short, rebellious jabs. When you have a six-roomed house and a garden to keep in order, and meals and laundry and mending demanding your attention—and the drama society—

She was arrested in her mental jeremiad when she reached that last item. The drama society! Perhaps if she had given that extra time to Barbara—No, no, cried the other part of herself. It's the one indulgence I allow myself. I won't give it up!

The Dutch clock on the wall pointed inexorably to twenty minutes to six. Quite suddenly she realised that she hated its silly porcelain face. Why, she was no better than a slave to the senseless thing! "Time for dinner," it said. "Time for Barbara's bath." She, Martha Jennings, would like to go to the theatre, would like to read, to take long walks down country roads—but the clock said no. No time, no time, no time . . .

She thrust the pie into the hot oven, lit the burners under the vegetables, and tore off her apron. Badge of servitude, she thought grimly. And I'm twenty-seven. No time. No time to live.

She ran upstairs, glanced in at Barbara's door in passing, to see that innocent lying on her stomach on the bed, happily engrossed in a book.

"Mum-my," she chirped. "Will you read to me?"



"Your performance was—very interesting," Mr. Pavlik proclaimed, looking at Martha with condescension.

"That I will not," Martha rushed through her own room.

Above the roar of bath water, with the door tightly shut between herself and a thoroughly unsatisfactory world, she cried defiance in the words of Katharina:

"My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

"Or else my heart, concealing it, will break. . . ."

At ten thirty, while the audience at the Assembly Rooms sat watching in darkness and a most flattering silence, Petruchio (otherwise George Gordon, junior partner in the local solicitor's office) put his arm about Katharina and said over his shoulder:

By CONSTANCE CASSADY

"'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
"And being a winner, God give you good night."

The masterful husband and the chastened wife made their final affectionate exit. Off-stage, Martha Jennings (once Katharina) fetched forth a profound sigh.

"Well, it's over. And I'm sorry. Good work, George."

"You were grand," George was mopping his face with a handkerchief. "Best you've ever done, Martha."

Dick appeared backstage, beaming. "Simply great, darling," he exclaimed.

"Dick, don't be silly," Martha tried not to sound pleased. "We had no business to play Shakespeare and you know it. But—it was fun."

"Well, there's one thing," Dick

maintained stoutly, "and that is that you were far and away the prettiest Kate I've ever seen. Where did you get the stupendous outfit?"

"Made it," Martha said briefly. "Didn't want you to see it till the performance. It isn't real silk." She smoothed the voluminous skirt of her gown, and tucked a curl up under the close-fitting little cap.

"Hm. You might keep it hanging up in the cupboard to remind you now and then of your abject status as a wife."

Martha said: "Don't let any such notions get a hold on you, darling. They're going to serve sandwiches and weak coffee in the west room, as usual. Come along."

As Dick guided her through throngs of congratulatory friends, he said in her ear: "I almost forgot, Mibs. Mrs. Borden came up in the intermission and said she had a guest who's very anxious to meet you. She sounded most mysterious. I hope it isn't one of your youthful indiscretions come back to haunt you?"

"I hope it is," Martha was feeling distinctly better than she had been at six o'clock. "There she is now, with a strange man."

Dick looked, and chortled rudely. "Is that what your indiscretions looked like?"

Martha was regarding without enthusiasm the stout, sleek, convex-fronted man crossing the room. Another of Mrs. Borden's London guests! She lived up at the big hall and gave house parties that were a byword in the little town for

their unusual and sometimes oddly assorted members.

"Oh—here she is!" Mrs. Borden was effusive. "Mrs. Jennings, this is Mr. Pavlik, Mrs. Jennings. And Mr. Jennings, Mr. Pavlik."

Martha bowed correctly. Pavlik. Pavlik. A familiar ring to the name. What was it?

"Your performance was—very interesting," Mr. Pavlik proclaimed, with a touch of condescension. He was looking Martha up and down in a keen, appraising way which she didn't particularly fancy. "Shall we get some coffee?" he asked abruptly, and, without waiting for any sort of response from her, he began steering her firmly in the direction of the buffet.

My word, thought Martha. Here is a man accustomed to being obeyed. A kind of plain-clothes Petruchio.

"I don't care for coffee, thank you." After all, one had to put such persons in their places.

"That's all right," said Mr. Pavlik surprisingly. "I just wanted a chance to talk to you alone anyway. I suppose you know who I am?"

"Well, not exactly." Martha felt herself at an absurd disadvantage. The vanity of the man! "The name is very familiar, but I don't quite—"

He interrupted her impatiently, almost with scorn. "Stage, London producer. Does that mean anything to you? . . . Mrs. Borden persuaded me to come here this evening, and I don't mind telling you I expected to be bored to death. After all, Mrs. Jennings—a bunch of amateurs playing Shakespeare—busman's holiday with a vengeance, you know."

Please turn to page 4



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FEELING a little

hurt, Martha murmured, "I suppose so."

"And I would have been bored," he persisted, "if it hadn't been for you, Mrs. Jennings."

Martha stared. Was the man going to make love to her on such short notice? But he didn't sound sentimental in the least.

"You've got distinct possibilities, Mrs. Jennings," he said, pushing his face close up to hers. "You're wasting yourself on amateur shows. You'd need some polishing up, of course, but with what you've got that shouldn't take long. I'd be glad to offer you a contract. We might even think of pictures, Mrs. Jennings. Hollywood. I know a photographic face when I see one."

How would you like that?"

Martha was glad Mr. Pavlik had found her a seat, as she needed support. She stared into his dark, intense face, her eyes wide with incredulity. "Mr. Pavlik—" she moistened her lips, "Mr. Pavlik, are you serious?"

The great producer almost snorted in his impatience. "My dear lady," he said, "I never waste time."

Martha looked wildly across the room. There was Dick—dear old Dick, with his hair beginning to go a bit thin on top—chatting with Sally and John Burrows and Tom Cummings, just as if the sky hadn't fallen a moment ago.

"Please forgive me, Mr. Pavlik," she said contritely. "You see—this kind of thing just doesn't happen in a place like Little Poland, and to people like me. I can't—I can't quite believe it."

"Well. Well. What do you say?" He seemed eager to have done with her and be off. "Suppose you ring me to-morrow, at Mrs. Borden's, and we could go up to Town together on Monday. I can fit you in to something I'm producing at the moment, I think. Sort of test part. Although I haven't any doubts about you. There's nothing to stop you, Mrs. Jennings, if you make up your mind."

He produced a card, scribbled a

number on the back of it with a gold pencil, and thrust it into her hand.

"There you are. Ring me at ten o'clock. And—" He looked about the room, saw that there was no one near enough to have overheard his conversation—"I wouldn't mention this—to anyone, Mrs. Jennings, until it's all sewed up. Always best to be discreet, you know."

Martha nodded, feeling herself pitifully ignorant of the inner workings of the London stage. The next instant she saw Mr. Pavlik whisking Mrs. Borden and her other guests out of the door, mowing everything down before him, so to speak, and she tucked the card into the bag which hung at Katharina's waist, and made her way weakly to Dick.

"Darling," she said, putting her arm through his—how nice and safe and familiar he felt—if you don't mind, I'd like to go home. I'm—sort of done up."

"Bet you are." Dick was sympathetic. "Come on. Let's get home and wash that paint off your face so that I can recognise you."

Martha Jennings did not sleep well that night. Hour after hour she lay thinking—thinking fantastically—to the accompaniment of Dick's heavy, regular breathing.

A contract, he had said. That meant—what? So much a week, for such and such a period of time. But how much? Fabulous, almost astronomical figures danced before her hot eyes.

It would be sheer lunacy, of course, to think of turning down such an opportunity. After all, fortune didn't knock at one's door every day of the week. She reflected that there were undoubtedly hundreds, nay, thousands, of girls who would sacrifice almost anything for this. To act—seriously, not in paltry amateur productions which were really nothing more than a pastime, a hobby, like bridge or golf.

Lying more quietly now, with Dick still blissfully unconscious beside her, she pushed her way farther and farther into the enchanted country. Dimly at first, but with increasing clarity and perfection of detail, the scene took form out of the darkness.

There stood her home—their home, hers and Dick's and Barbara's—nestled like a white jewel among green hills and smooth lawns bordered with flowers. A pool lay, still and cool, beside the house, a blue pool sunk in white stone, and gracefully shaded by willows. Martha crossed the terrace and opened a door which made no sound, and within the house she found beauty and peace: wide rooms with shining floors, strange, lovely colors and sumptuous fabrics.

Her feet trod on carpets softer than a pigeon's breast, and she passed through high, arched doorways.

N

Now she could hear a sound of laughter in the rooms, and Dick was there, in comfortable white tennis clothes, talking to a number of guests whose conversation she couldn't clearly hear, but she knew that it was clever and amusing because Dick was enjoying himself immensely.

She saw Barbara crossing the lawn—an almost unrecognisable Barbara, in the smartest, most immaculate of little frocks, with a ma'mselle, very starched and proper, at her side. For this was a Barbara who chattered French, who took piano lessons and dancing, and would go to the best schools in the country in a few years.

She had swimming, and a pony, and a great sunny nursery filled to bursting with all the things that little girls dream about. Yes, and a mother who wasn't always up to her neck in cooking and house-cleaning and budgeting. A charming mother, with leisure to be beautiful and interesting.

Martha's tired eyes fluttered, closed. The dream carried over into sleep—a dream lapped by the blue Pacific, with Mr. Pavlik, strangely shrunken and leaning on a cane, telling her, over and over again, to run and fetch from the cellar a pumpkin and six white mice.

Barbara was still asleep when Martha set breakfast on the table next morning. Dick came down with the fresh, pink look of a man just bathed and shaved for the day, as she was starting to make toast.

"Hello, darling." He sat down

opposite her and gulped his first cup of tea. Then he looked at her for the first time that morning. "Hallo, you look bad, Mibs. What's the matter?"

Martha clutched at her face as if she might have put on someone else's by mistake. Good heavens—what would Mr. Pavlik think?

"I didn't sleep very well. Too much excitement, I expect." She hesitated; she was bursting to tell Dick all about it.

"Better take it easy to-day." He held out his cup to be refilled.

"Take it easy! If only he knew what potentialities this day held he wouldn't make that mistake, Martha reflected with inner excitement.

"Dick," she said suddenly, "are you happy?"

Dick stared across the table, non-plussed. "That's a funny sort of question to ask at this time of day!" He set his cup down with a little clatter. "You know I'm happy, so why talk about it? People don't have to talk about those things when they've got them, do they?"

Martha began pleading her table-napkin into neat, symmetrical folds. "Then you wouldn't like to have a lot of money? Loads of it?"

"Not particularly. Can't see that it makes much difference to people who do have it. What's the matter with you, Martha? You used not to brood about money. Does it"—he pushed back his chair, looking at her with a trace of anxiety in his face—"does it mean so very much to you now?"

"I don't know," said Martha. She wanted desperately to be alone. "You'll miss the train if you don't hurry."

When he had gone, Barbara appeared from the upper regions, ready to devour porridge and orange juice. Morning had brought a change of heart to Barbara.

"David can come in my yard," she proclaimed over her toast. "But he can't break up my sand city."

"How," inquired Martha, "do you know he won't break it up again?"

"Because he doesn't like me to throw sand in his eyes," said Barbara.

This seemed logical, and a little later Barbara was standing on tiptoe at the sink to fill her small sprinkling can, and her mother watched her as she marched erectly down the steps and out into the back garden, to where a few late asters waited her ministrations.

When she was alone, Martha leaned against the kitchen table, feeling nervous and bewildered. The back door opened, and Barbara stood there, a scraggy bunch of purple and pink asters clutched in one hand.

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"I picked these," she said, "to put in that white bowl on the table."

A happy little girl, Barbara. Could she conceivably be happier?

Martha watched her decisive movements as if she were seeing her daughter for the first time. Her playuit was faded from many washings. An old brown cardigan, now a bit small, was buttoned tightly across her round stomach. She had a smudge of garden dirt across one cheek, but the cheek itself was firm and pink and chubby.

Barbara looked up, and smiled widely, without a trace of self-consciousness, without a trace of anything, except pure, shameless joy of living.

Martha closed her eyes against that smile. She tried to recapture the vision of the night before: the vision of Barbara immaculate from morning till night in charming French frocks; Barbara regimented every hour of the day, by a correct and conscientious person in uniform.

She tried to see this, but she couldn't. It was absurd, artificial, and altogether too alien to the untrammelled joyousness which was the essence of Barbara.

Why, they were happy here, all of them. They wished for nothing more than this bright, clean, cheerful little house which blossomed under the magic hand of Martha. By what right could she take this away, offering exotic pleasures in exchange—concrete things, bought with money, to replace the intangible quality of contentment?

Ah, how glad she was that she hadn't told Dick! Now he would never know. He could never reproach himself with having "stood in her way." And she—she would put the shining dream away—in mothballs, as it were—to be taken out and looked at secretly, once in a way, when her vanity had suffered somewhat, or her self-esteem was running low.

Her glance fell on the Dutch clock upon the wall—the same clock whose porcelain face she had, for a moment yesterday, hated with all her heart. It was still a silly, square-faced clock, and it didn't keep good time, but she saw it now as part of their common background, and therefore, not to be despised.

Ten o'clock, it said. And perhaps it was right this time.

She felt in her apron pocket and found the card of the amazing, the improbable Mr. Pavlik. Then she crossed to the sitting-room with a firm step and picked up the telephone.

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LANTERN ON THE BEACH

Eddie didn't have to think out a plan. It sprang to life in an inspired instant.

YOUNG Eddie Daniel didn't think much of the war. They said there was something everybody could do to help win it, but that just wasn't so. There wasn't anything a twelve-year-old boy could do.

His father tended the drawbridge over to Roanoke Island. That was important. His sister worked in a munitions factory and his brother Harvey had been shipping on tankers since 1940.

But for him and his pony, Toney, there was nothing.

Eddie kicked angrily at the sand, glumly watching the tanker that was plying north, three miles off the shore.

Just then a pillar of smoke climbed into the sky above the tanker and spread out like a black mushroom. The boom of an explosion rolled in from the sea.

Eddie's mouth dropped open. This wasn't the first torpedoing off the Outer Banks. There had been three ships sunk between Buxton and Hatteras the past two days. But this was the first Eddie had actually seen.

Down at the coastguard station the guardsmen were hastily trundling out the boats. People were running out of stores and houses and converging on the beach.

Eddie ran and slid down the dune to the flat where Toney was munching grass. He mounted the pony's bare back and galloped across the black-top highway to the shore.

And presently when he stood among the throng on the beach, watching the boats bringing in the survivors, he heard them report to Captain Knight:

"Three men, sir, was all we could find. Two of them dead already, and the third's just died. By thunder, it's Harvey Daniel."

And Eddie, standing there, heard him, and he looked, and saw his brother Harvey.

A pair of rough, strong hands took hold of him. Next thing he knew he was walking down the beach with someone's arm around him. Through misty eyes he saw it was his friend Old Man Si Denning.

"Well, just go down to my shack, Eddie, and set a bit," Old Man Si said.

Inside the shack it was cool and dark. Eddie sat on the single bed, which was never made up.

Old Man Si coughed, trying to think of something to say to comfort the boy. "Now, if you was older, Eddie, I could give you a shot of corn likker and that would help, but we'll have some coffee anyway, and outside of that you'll have to be a man all by yourself."

"I'm all right, Mr. Denning," said Eddie.

The old man coughed again, uneasily. "Course now, you know, Eddie, all of us are seafarin' folk, and we know what the sea is like off here. Turn yer back on it a minute and it'll git ya. We know that, and we're prepared for it, and we take it like men if our time comes. Ain't that right?"

Eddie didn't say anything. Old Man Si found two cups and poured coffee. He set one cup beside Eddie. "Pretty good coffee, boy. Try some."

Eddie's forehead was drawn in a frown. "A man couldn't count the shipwrecks off this coast, all the way back to Spanish galleons," Old Man Si went on, talking gently. "Nearly everybody along here is descended



somehow from shipwrecked sailors. You know that?"

Eddie said slowly: "But it wasn't the sea that done it to Harvey, Mr. Denning. It was that thing out there, layin' out there waitin' to kill our folks. If I was only older, I could be flyin' a plane, or I could be on a destroyer, and I could sink that submarine."

"You'll be older one of these days, and then you can do it."

"But not soon enough, Mr. Denning. The sub that got Harvey will be gone."

"I reckon it's gone now."

"Do you think so?"

Old Man Si reconsidered. "Well, no, I don't. I figure, since the flyin' lads didn't give any indication they got it, it's still hangin' around out there some'er. It's got four ships round here in three days, and it ain't likely to leave while the huntin's so good."

"That sub just can't be let to get any more, Mr. Denning," said Eddie earnestly. "It just can't! And it's got to pay for what it did to my brother."

"Now, we might as well be sensible, Eddie," Old Man Si interrupted.

Eddie scowled bitterly. Being with the gentle old man had dried his tears. In the place of sorrow was a frustrated anger that he could not be his brother's avenger. Just being twelve years old—that was the trouble.

Old Man Si didn't know what to say, except to fall back on his stories. He cleared his throat.

"Speakin' of how people have to be brave—Now, when Sir Walter Raleigh's folks come sailin' in to Roanoke Island they was in three boats."

"Yes, sir; I know about that," said Eddie.

Old Man Si stopped, thought a moment, then tried again.

"Now the way Nags Head got its name is an interestin' thing, Eddie. Nags Head. Back there a century or more ago, they was land pirates along here and—"

"Yes, sir," said Eddie respectfully. "I know about that." He sighed and got up. "I guess I'd better go home."

As Eddie rode slowly up the beach in the falling light he noticed the wind had shifted to the north-east and was rising. Heavy grey clouds were gathering out at sea.

"Put out that light!" Captain Knight ordered sternly.

At home his mother stood at the kerosene stove, turning chops in a sputtering frying pan. His father sat at the table, holding his head in his mottled red hands. The room was almost dark.

"Hang the blackouts so I can turn on the light, Eddie," his mother said calmly.

Eddie went into each of the four rooms and fitted frames covered with tar paper into the windows.

When he had finished his mother turned on the bulb that hung from the centre of the kitchen. The light beat down on his father's head, turning his grey hair silvery. Eddie wanted to run to him and put his head in his lap. But he knew he was too old for that.

Suddenly his father smote the table with both fists and lunged up from the table.

"We ain't the men we used to be," he cried out in a strange, agonised voice. "There was a time when the men on Nags Head knew what to do."

All at once, with that, Eddie stood

He put on Toney's bridle by memory in the dark. Once outside, he leaped to Toney's back, holding the unlighted lantern and rope in his right hand. The box of matches he had stuffed inside his shirt. They swished through the grass of the flat, and Toney began to trudge up the dune.

When they reached the ridge, Eddie slid down, and struck match after match until he had the lantern going. Carefully he adjusted the wick to give maximum light. It threw back the darkness, startling Toney.

Quickly Eddie looped the rope around Toney's neck, then tied the lantern so that it hung like a brilliant pendant. Toney didn't like it, but submitted when Eddie spoke sternly.

"Your ancestors did it," he argued. "Right here on these same dunes. And you can do it, too."

Doggishly, leaning into the sweeping rain, Eddie began leading Toney north along the backbone of the dune, parallel to the sea.

"Help make this do it, Harvey," he muttered pleadingly. "This has got to do it." And somehow he felt that Harvey really was looking down on them, nodding approval.

Eighteen minutes later a coast-guardsmen, happening to look landward from his beach lookout, saw the light back there. Horrified, he ran to report to his superior. Together they called Captain Knight from his house.

The shouting brought guardsmen from their houses in the station area. All stared towards the oddly bobbing light which moved northward relentlessly, seemingly suspended in space not far above the ground.

"Arm yourselves and assemble here," commanded Captain Knight. When the men returned, he said, "We'll move in a body until I give orders to spread fanwise."

They shoved off towards the dunes, stumbling in the darkness.

The coastguardsmen were not the only persons to see the oddly moving light. Out at sea, beneath the hard-running waves, one Korvettenkapitan Clemens von Korshilling peered intently into his periscope. He had picked up the light almost from the beginning.

"Our information was right," he

muttered to the lieutenant standing beside him. "That is our final tanker," he chuckled harshly. "A good friend, whether he knows it or not, aboard there shows a light."

He rasped out terse orders: A run in.

"But—" remonstrated his navigator. "Without my sonic depth finder? What of reefs and shoals?" The Korvettenkapitan whirled. "You heard my order!" he screamed. "That tanker is sailing safe, no? We are outside her, ja?" The navigator fled to carry out the order.

Eddie and Toney had gone more than a mile when black figures leaped out of the darkness from all directions. "Put up your hands!"

Eddie looked into the barrels of rifles. "Gee whiz!" he gasped.

"Why," exclaimed a guardsman, "it's only Eddie Daniel!"

"Who's with you, Eddie?" demanded Captain Knight, as the men lowered their rifles.

"Gosh," said Eddie, "nobody but Toney."

"Put out that light!" Captain Knight ordered sternly.

Two guardsmen extinguished it. On Captain Knight's orders, two more took Eddie by the arms. They went down the dune, Eddie kicking and protesting.

"I can't understand it, Eddie," said Captain Knight. "I just can't. Don't you know what it looks like—showing a light out to sea? Aiding the enemy?"

"I wasn't!" said Eddie, outraged. "I was trying to get it. The sub that killed Harvey. If you had let me alone—You know how Nags Head got its name, don't you?"

"Of course. But this is no time for—"

"That's what I was doin'!" The way land pirates along here used to do. The way they would put a lantern around an old nag's neck and walk her along the dunes on a stormy night. You know, Captain Knight. A ship out to sea would think it was another vessel sailing safe closer in, and it would come in closer, too, and pile up on the shoals.

"Then next day, when everybody had drowned and the storm gone down—gosh, you know!—the land pirates would row out and loot the ship. Gosh, Captain Knight—"

Please turn to page 20

By NOEL HOUSTON

stunned, blinded by the revelation which had struck him. "A time when the men on Nags Head knew what to do." And he heard Old Man Si Denning's voice, as if the old man stood behind him, whispering in his ear: "An interestin' thing—the way Nags Head got its name."

He didn't think out a plan step by step. He didn't have to. The whole plan was there, sprung to full life in an inspired instant. His parents' backs were to him. He grabbed the box of matches from the stove and scooted out the landward door.

Pitch-blackness had plunged over the Banks. The rain fell in sheets as he raced through the soft sand to Toney's shed. As he went inside the pony whinnied in fear until Eddie called to him reassuringly. In the light of a match, the boy and the pony looked at each other, their eyes shining with excitement.

"Steady, fella," said Eddie. "We've got work to do." By the light of matches he took a big rusty lantern from the wall, and found a rope.

this bounteous earth: this fruitful land —



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Extracts from an Article by Professor W. A. OSBORNE, M.B., D.S.C., F.A.C.S.

Nodding heads in a field of waving, golden corn... a peaceful scene that is typical of sunny Australia. But in these days the golden harvest is more precious to Australia than ever. The full ears of wheat give the food manufacturer his main ingredient—*flour!*

Science then steps in with a valuable contribution in the form of high-grade Food Phosphates for the aeration of self-raising flours and baking powders... the best known aerators and flour improvers which have now superseded all old-fashioned types of aerators in England, Canada and America. No firm has done more in this respect than the long established firm of ALBRIGHT & WILSON, now manufacturing in Australia the famous "A&W" FOOD PHOSPHATES.

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MYSTERY STALKS THE ROOF

By Theodora Du Bois

TWO violent deaths have occurred at DR. BURCH'S convalescent home where ANNE McNEILL and her brother, BUD HOLT, are staying. ALEX WALSHIED falls to his death from the roof, and the neurotic MRS. VINSON dies mysteriously while sunbathing on the same roof.

Tension is rife among the guests, and they suspect foul play, especially as Walshied had been stirring up trouble and making love both to Mrs. Vinson and to MRS. MURRAY, who is at the home with JILL, her attractive daughter, and BOBBIE, a little English boy.

Eventually, MR. FARGO, an ill-natured, elderly patient, maliciously discloses that Jill, who now plans to marry RUFUS KEYES, was previously secretly married to Walshied. Anne's husband, DR. JEFFREY McNEILL, a well-known amateur detective, thinks Mrs. Vinson's death may have been caused by a chemical, fluorescein, which Dr. Burch was using in an experiment with the drains. During the night, he and Anne search for traces of its use by any other inmates of the home, but in the bathroom connecting Jill's room with her mother's he drops a small medicine bottle.

Anne continues her narrative—

I HEARD a bed creak as if Mrs. Murray stirred uneasily in the room at our right. I heard Jill in the room to our left call out in a mixture of sleepiness and anxiety, "Mother, are you all right?"

I whispered: "Jeffrey, she'll be coming through here to her mother's room. I simply cannot have her finding us."

Beside us was the bath, and hanging in front of it a shower curtain, an old-fashioned kind of waterproof material, heavy, offering a hiding-place. Jeffrey had switched off the flashlight, and very quickly we stepped into the bath and drew the shower curtain in front of us.

We could hear Jill walking across her bedroom, opening the bathroom door, crossing within four feet of us, going into her mother's room. She said quietly, "Mother, what is it?"

Mrs. Murray answered, "Nothing, Jill."

"Aren't you sleeping, Mother?" "No, my dear; it doesn't matter." "You weren't taking amylal again?"

"No, my dear." I clutched Jeffrey. "Is there anything I can get you?" Jill asked.

"No, thank you." The voice was flat and tired, as one speaks who has been lying awake for hours.

For a moment nobody spoke. I could imagine Jill standing by her mother's bed, wishing that she could do something to help, feeling troubled and torn for her mother, and then turning away.

She came into the bathroom, which was suddenly flooded with

light. I buried my head against Jeffrey's shoulder, and he held his arms tightly about me.

"Don't come near the bath." I thought desperately.

I heard small sounds as of pieces of broken glass being picked up, and then Jill was going into Mrs. Murray's room again. She said: "Mother, you did take amylal. Tell me—you didn't, you wouldn't take an overdose?"

There was light now in Mrs. Murray's room, too.

Mrs. Murray answered: "I did not, Jill. I told you."

Jill's voice was full of anxiety and of disbelief. She said: "Mother, please—if you've taken an overdose I can't let you. I'll have to call Doctor Burch."

This was dreadful. I muttered into Jeffrey's ear: "What shall we do, Jeffrey? We can't let events snowball up as they seem to be."

"Quiet," he whispered. Mrs. Murray's reply came to us in tired and indignant protest. She said: "I have told you, Jill, that I have not taken it, and if I had I should consider it a matter having to do only with myself."

Jill said: "I'm sorry, Mother. It breaks me to think how I've hurt you."

"Yes, you have hurt me"—this with dignity.

"It's curious that five minutes before a justice of the peace could crack up two lives so completely."

Mrs. Murray's control seemed to be breaking. She said: "I don't see how you could have done it. It was madness—and not to tell me a word about it—and then for me to come here and to meet him, and still not be told about it. How could you have let it go on—?"

"He threatened the most beastly publicity if I told anybody. That's why I kept urging you to come away from here, Mother, but you wouldn't. Don't you remember how I wanted you to come home?"

"Of course, I remember. Everything is borne into me with iron. I tried to prevent it—I tried to keep it all quiet. I did everything I could. But it's out. It will be in all the papers. Publicity I cannot endure."

"But it's not your fault, Mother. It's nothing that you did, nothing."

"If that impossible old Mr. Fargo hadn't told, nobody would know. If Mrs. Vinson—"

"It frightens me, the extent of my emotion about this. I terrify myself."

"Mother," Jill's voice was choked. "Tell me—you said you tried to prevent its getting out—that you did all you could. Did you know—I mean, did you know beforehand about Alex and me?"

"Yes, I knew about ten days ago. At first I thought it would—at first I thought—but Jill, don't be so distressed, darling."

Curious how a tone can add so much regret and self-condemnation. Hiding absurdly behind the shower curtain I felt shaken with pity and sympathy for the girl as she said: "But to think that I married him! Such an impossible man—so crude and repellent and self-centred and unbalanced. I've scarcely had a decent night's sleep for the last three years, lacerating myself about it."

Now her mother's voice was comforting. She said: "My dear, women do that all too frequently. He had a power and a fascination. Don't blame yourself too much."

I imagined then that Jill flung herself down on her mother's bed and was weeping. I don't know, of course. Jeffrey whispered, "Come on, we'll get out of here now." So we did. The door into Mrs. Murray's room was not wide open. We stepped out of the bath and very



"Do you realise, McNeill, what you are implying?" Doctor Burch demanded angrily.

quickly and quietly went into the darkness of Jill's bedroom, crossed it, and escaped into the hall.

When we were there safely I leaned against the banisters and found myself shivering. I longed to go back upstairs and into bed, but I could see that Jeffrey had no such intentions.

"Well, go downstairs now and see if we can get into Doctor Burch's bathroom," he said.

I said: "Jeffrey, there were a few little bottles in the pigeonholes of his desk. I noticed. Do you suppose it could be one of those?"

"It might," he answered, and we went on downstairs.

Wide doors opened darkly into the living-room and the dining-room. Behind the living-room was a study. "I think it's safe to light the light here," Jeffrey said.

Although I didn't agree with him, I did not protest. He turned on the lamp on Doctor Burch's desk and pushed up the old roll-top. "Ink and aspirin," Jeffrey said, taking bottles from the pigeonholes. "Camphor pills!"

OUT in the hall a door squeaked as it opened. Footsteps came down the hall with a pad-pad of slippers. "Jeffrey!" I whispered.

He turned off the light and we stood there in the dark.

"Is someone there?" Doctor Burch's voice asked rather tremulously, but still defiantly, and I admired the old man.

And what, I wondered, would be the line that Jeffrey would take now?

The desk lamp went on and we three stood there confronting each other.

"Why, Jeffrey, my dear boy—and Anne!" Doctor Burch was naturally at a loss to know what emotion he should be expressing. "Did you want something. Is someone ill?" At-

though, if there were, why should we be standing here in his study in the dark, having just switched off the light? Certainly we were caught in an anomalous position.

I wondered what explanation Jeffrey could possibly give. I could think of nothing whatever. But to my surprise Jeffrey obviously was not bothering about fabricating some excuse. He was leaning over the desk putting his hand deeply into one of the pigeonholes, drawing out a small brown bottle, which he held carefully by the rim beneath the cork.

He said, looking at the label, "Fluorescein," and then, as Doctor Burch was regarding him in bewilderment: "Did it ever occur to you, Doctor Burch, that this may have been the cause of Mrs. Vinson's death?"

The minds of the old do not readily or easily accept a new idea. Doctor Burch said vaguely: "Fluorescein? Mrs. Vinson's death?" Then, as the implications came to him, his face grew mottled red and his eyes looked angry.

He said: "I don't understand you, Jeffrey. Will you explain, please? How could Mrs. Vinson's death have

been caused by fluorescein? I brought some out from the city for detecting possible drainage into the brook."

"I know," Jeffrey said.

Doctor Burch said: "We had better go into this more thoroughly," closed the door behind him, and went over to his desk chair.

Jeffrey said, "You know, of course, the effects of direct sunlight upon a person who has been injected with fluorescein?"

"Naturally. That experiment was done by a scientist in Germany some years ago. But I fail to see how Mrs. Vinson could have been injected with that drug—by what inconceivable error—"

"Probably not by error," Jeffrey said quietly.

Doctor Burch's eyes became more angry still. "Not by error! Do you realise, McNeill, what you are implying?"

"Quite. Because of the gravity of this suggestion I did not intend to mention it to anyone until I have had an opportunity to make further investigations."

"The autopsy was made, and it was decided that death was occasioned by natural causes."

"I know, but I am not satisfied with that decision." He sounded coldly definite.

Doctor Burch said, "You are implying that Mrs. Vinson was murdered?"

"I am."

"Here in my house? Murdered?"

"I think it is possible. I make no statement of fact because I have not yet had sufficient opportunity to investigate."

"And by whom do you think she was murdered?"

"I have formed no conjecture whatever."

"Me I suppose, since you came to my desk to find the fluorescein."

"I have been looking in other places in the house to-night, Doctor Burch. I certainly do not think that you are in any way responsible. You

have here in your house a number of people whose emotional condition is not too well adjusted. Any one of these might have wished to murder Mrs. Vinson."

"They might have wanted to," I interrupted, "but how in the world could they have done it, Jeffrey? You simply do not go up to a person and say: 'Excuse me, my dear, but I'm feeling a little annoyed with you. Do you mind if I give you a shot in the arm of fluorescein?'"

"Exactly, exactly," Doctor Burch said. "Anne has hit the nail on the head, my dear Jeffrey. Your theory is fantastic, utterly fantastic."

Jeffrey said, "It certainly seems curious that it could have been done."

"But you don't know that it was done," Doctor Burch spoke excitedly. "Have you any possible proof, my dear Jeffrey?"

I was glad that he had become his dear Jeffrey again.

"So far, none, excepting the condition of Mrs. Vinson, the presence of this fluorescein, the fact that your patients knew that you had it, and were familiar with its potentialities, and—"

Doctor Burch interrupted: "But they did not know at all its relationship to sunlight, McNeill. I never touched on that. Never."

"All of your patients here are highly intelligent people. It is conceivable that any one of them might be familiar with the drug."

"But still how could it have been given her? It has to be injected intravenously to be effective."

Jeffrey still held the small brown bottle between his thumb and finger by the rim below the cork. "Of course, for the sake of your patients, we will not mention this to anyone else. I don't feel it necessary to consult the police about it yet. I shall go into the city to-morrow and bring out something I need for further investigation."

Please turn to page 14

There's nothing to equal

Genuine Bristle!

1/7

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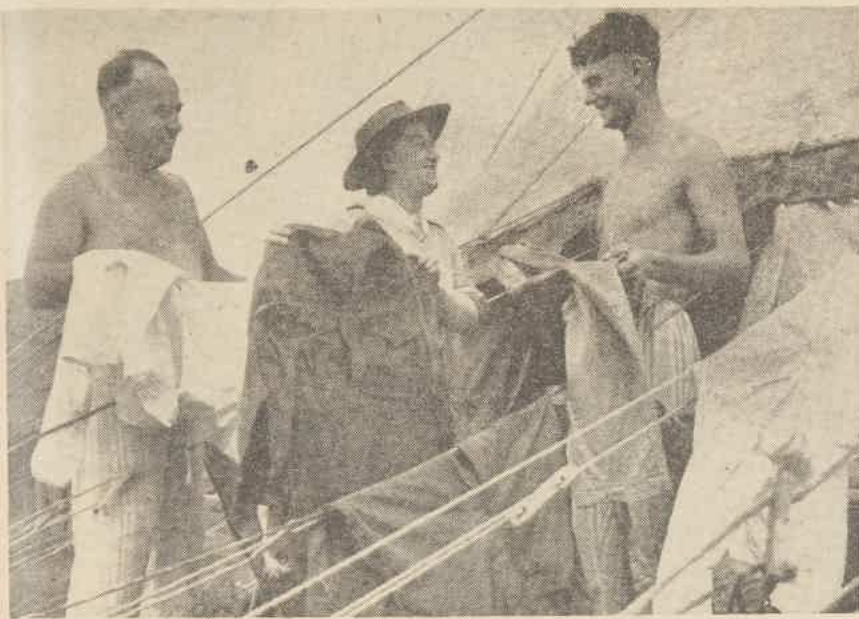
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Our Editor sees work of New Guinea hospitals



PATIENTS at an Australian General Hospital in New Guinea, Ptes. E. H. Harris, of Melbourne (left), and Don Ward, of Brisbane, show Sister Adeen Newlyn, of Sydney, how expert they are now at washing.

Finest equipment, air transport ease life for sick and wounded

Written at a New Guinea base hospital

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly

A year ago they pitched hospital tents hastily in the mud of the jungle or on a hastily cleared patch of kunai grass. Stretcher-bearers were at hand waiting with the sick and wounded.

Nurses in gumboots often waded through the "ward" in water inches deep to minister to patients who, after being wounded, had endured untold agony and weeks of terrible travel. How the picture has been changed!

TO-DAY this hospital is a completely equipped unit with specialised departments for treatment of every type of battle casualty, and for malaria, typhus, and skin diseases.

I have visited other hospitals in the area, all with facilities incomparably improved in the past year, but this is the largest and best equipped.

Medical officer in charge is a former Macquarie Street skin specialist with a world reputation for original research.

The Registrar is a well-known

He took the pictures

GORDON SHORT, who accompanied me on my tour of New Guinea hospital and other areas, is an official war photographer to the Department of Information who has been working in advanced battle areas. For 17 years he was a staff photographer of the "Sydney Morning Herald." Rejected for active service, "Shorty" gets as close as possible to the thickest of the scrap, and is immensely popular here. He was on convalescent leave when given this assignment.

"This job is a bit soft for me," he told me as he farewelled me at the plane. "But I've enjoyed it, Pal." Shorty has countless pals, and I appreciated the honor of being included among them.—A.J.

Gordon Short

MRS. ALICE JACKSON, Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, has just returned from a tour of 800 miles through New Guinea. She is the first Australian woman war correspondent to write for publication in Australia stories of the men and women serving in this northern bastion of Australia's defence line. Earlier in the year Mrs. Jackson toured operational areas in Western Australia.



MRS. JACKSON.

New South Wales Member of Parliament and former city business man. A greater number of patients are handled on a daily average here than in any hospital in Australia.

It is a coincidence that the Amenities Officer is also a Member of Parliament, and that this is the only hospital in New Guinea with two Members of Parliament on its administrative staff.

The business administration of the hospital is the Registrar's responsibility—a big job involving the control of admissions and discharges, medical records, and discipline of staff and patients.

The hospital is divided into two main sections. Officer in charge of the surgical section and second in command of the whole unit is a specialist whose home is at Pymble, New South Wales.

The medical section is in charge of a well-known Melbourne specialist.

The various well-equipped departments are all in charge of notable specialists. In charge of the ear, nose, and throat department is a Sydney doctor, who is also of Australian cricket XI fame.

Other Sydney specialists are in charge of the eye and plastic surgery departments.

A Brisbane specialist is in charge of the X-ray department, and one department, entirely devoted to malaria and scrub typhus patients, is staffed by both Melbourne and Sydney specialists.

Many of the patients are suffering from skin diseases, and a large section of the hospital provides facilities, including superficial X-ray, for



TRYING HER HAND at hair cutting, Sister Joan Tolman, at an Australian General Hospital in New Guinea, with Pte. John Range, Kempsey, N.S.W., and Pte. Norman Lomas, Goondiwindi, Qld.

treatment of all types of tropical skin troubles. The X-ray therapy machine is the special "baby" of the C.O.

"It has saved the country many thousands of pounds," he said, "and quickly put men back on active ser-

vice who would otherwise have had to be evacuated to the mainland."

The equipment includes a dosimeter for measuring with absolute accuracy the dose. Ringworm, prickly heat, impetigo, and septic abrasions are some of the skin com-



OUR EDITOR MEETS FILM STAR. When Gary Cooper arrived in New Guinea he shared doughnuts with an Australian nursing sister (left), our editor, Mrs. Alice Jackson, and Matron E. Johns.



AUSTRALIAN NURSES in New Guinea ready to board the transport which takes them to duty at the hospital.

plaints treated by the X-ray therapy machine.

Of priceless value is the Red Cross Blood Bank, which is in charge of a former pharmacist in business in Taree, Wingham, and Gloucester, N.S.W. He has been with this unit since it pitched its first tent.

"At times we've had many blood transfusions being given at one time," he said. "For wounded, battle-worn, and weary men, new blood is new life."

Direct transfusions are sometimes given from a reserve of donors in an adjacent ack-ack battery and from convalescent patients. Sister Macauley, who trained at Sydney Hospital, is in charge, assisted by Sister Baxter.

"The nurses stand the climate well," said the matron. "Male orderlies do the heavy work, and Aamws give valuable assistance in the wards."

Every effort is made to get fresh food for the patients, and fresh vegetables and fruit supplement the plentiful supply of canned foods and fruit juices.

Ambulance planes now bring battle casualties from advanced stations in forward areas.

There are still some tented wards with earth floors, but most of the wards here are gauged and floored huts.

How good it sounds to hear from the patients who are being nursed back to health!

"This hospital is so good, we don't want a thing!"

Editorial

DECEMBER 4, 1943

ANZAC SPIRIT IN NEW GUINEA

IN this issue of our paper you will read a little of the work being done by women of our Army Nursing and Auxiliary Medical Services in New Guinea.

Next week I hope you will read something of what is being done by Red Cross women workers in the same areas.

All these women are doing magnificently. Their work in New Guinea has made an incalculable difference to the health and morale of our troops.

Most of the work in the areas mentioned is now out of the pioneering stage, but under the best conditions New Guinea will remain a difficult place for servicewomen.

They are living in tropical, malarial areas, and that means irksome, uncomfortable precautions, monotonous food, and very few opportunities to get a real break in the routine.

Their numbers are certain to grow, for the simple reason that they are indispensable.

No one I met in New Guinea thought that the Japanese war is nearly over. Everyone realises it has only just started.

Talking to these women at their daily duties, watching their brothers and friends toiling at building roads in the intense heat or flat out to it at the million jobs necessary to win this war, I didn't wonder that many of them feel astounded at the complacency they believe exists on the mainland.

What they read in the papers, what their friends say when back from leave often seems incredible.

Even on a brief visit you find much to cheer and hearten and inspire you in New Guinea. Among both men and women you find the Australian fighting spirit, the Australian sense of mateship at its very best.

You find high courage and laughter—mostly of the grim, Australian brand that uses hardship as a humorous weapon against itself.

You find all the guts in the world.

But you DON'T find complacency.

Isn't it time complacency became a battle casualty on the mainland, too?

—THE EDITOR.

The luckiest man in New Guinea

Every soldier in hospital lays claim to this title

By ALICE JACKSON

Who is the luckiest man in New Guinea?

I talked to many who claimed the title, but was never able to decide which had the best rights to it.

Cheerily battling their way back to health in the hospital wards, they told me in the most matter-of-fact way stories which, in previous days, would have been featured in every newspaper in the world.

HERE heroism is so common that any man whom you labelled a hero would think you'd just "gone troppo" to entertain such a wild idea.

Him a hero! Forget it. He's only "the luckiest man in New Guinea!"

Among the "lucky" men I met was a young officer, always smiling in spite of his broken arm, always cheery as he talked through the plaster-clenched teeth of his broken jaw.

"Having a glorious time," he grinned with a grin.

"They're wonderful here. It was worth it all just to get such a marvellous break. No pun intended," he assured me with a whimsical smile.

"How did I come by these impressive trappings? Why, I'm the luckiest man in New Guinea."

"He was in an air crash," the sister explains.

"So I was," he said, "but the pilot got killed, poor chap—and here am I practically wallowing in luxury."

"Tell me about it," I urge.

"Nothing to tell," he says. "We crashed—and next I knew I was sitting in a creek spewing petrol."

"Eventually I got to a C.O.S. (casualty clearing station), and they flew me in here—nothing to it, really."

"It was seven days before they found him," sister puts in.

"What did you get to eat?" I demand.

"Oh, I had a papaw and a bit. I didn't feel like eating, anyway—and the luckiest man in New Guinea waved me a gay farewell with his free arm."

Eleven transfusions

THEN there was Pte. Harold Herman, who was sitting up in bed putting the finishing touches to a black felt dog he was making for his mother in Bellevue Hill.

Pte. Herman simply radiates good cheer. The uneven bulge in the sheet of his cot tells the story of an amputated leg.

"How did it happen?" I ask.

"Oh, I stopped a bullet in the left leg. They did the operation here—and are they good! I'll say they're marvellous."

"He had eleven transfusions," sister murmurs to me.

"How are you feeling, Pte. Herman?"

"Me? Oh, I'm feeling number one—luckiest man in New Guinea, really."

And there is Pte. James Rolan Fisher, from Talbot, Victoria.

Most of his friends had just gone to the mainland on long home leave.

You could see he was counting the days till he'd join them, but his chin was well up.

Perhaps Pte. Fisher IS the luckiest man in New Guinea. It is a miracle he is still alive and well enough to take a short walk outside and sit for a while in the shade.

His was quite a common story.

You hear plenty like it, simply told by men who are just plain Australians who would die rather than admit they have shown super-



PTE. HAROLD HERMAN shows one of the sisters the black felt dog he has made to send home to his mother.

courage, incredible endurance, miraculous spirit.

"We were out for six days near Salamaua. The Japs led a party of us into a bit of a trap."

"They let us go forward, and then closed in on us."

"We couldn't get back, and 40 or 50 of us were wounded. I'd collected gunshot wounds in the stomach, but I didn't reckon I was too bad."

"One of my mates bandaged me, and I and two other chaps decided to try to get back to our own lines to get word to them about it, so they could send a party in for the really badly wounded."

"We took off our boots to deaden the sound, and crawled through the Jap lines and ran right into them."

"We got into a bit of a hole, and the Japs were so near we could have



MORNING TEA for some of the "luckiest men in New Guinea." Sister Tolman serves tea to Pte. James Rolan Fisher, Talbot Vic. (seated), and several other patients.

touches them. So we crawled out into the grass.

"We kept on for six days. We hadn't anything to eat really, though we chewed a few leaves. We sweated a lot, but we didn't get too weak because we got water."

"We got through to our chaps, but actually we don't reckon we did anything, because a couple of days after we'd got out, our men broke through again and picked up the wounded. Still, I'm glad we gave it a go."

"And how are you now, Private Fisher?"

"Well, when I saw all my mates getting evacuated home I felt a bit blue, but I've got nothing to complain about."

"I'm the luckiest man in New Guinea, really. The doc. reckons what I've been through would have outlast most men."

"You can count in their hundreds the Private Fishers and Hermans, and the smiling young officers who claim the proud title of 'Luckiest Man in New Guinea.'"

You can see why I failed to decide just who really had the fairest claim to it.

Book appeal for C.C.C. men

Nearly two hundred books and three hundred magazines were sent in in the first week of the appeal for books and games for men of the Allied Works Council Civil Constructional Corps.

These men—"the army behind the army"—are doing a vital war job in lonely places where there are no facilities for entertainment.

READING is the only means of filling their spare time, and many more books and magazines will be needed to provide enough reading matter for all these outposts.

Donors of magazines are asked to send periodicals that will interest older as well as younger men, and to select those issued recently rather than old out-of-date ones.

"The response has been good in all States," said Mrs. William Brown, organiser of the C.C.C. Comforts Campaign.

"One little old lady, aged not less than seventy, brought a string bag filled with magazines. She said she came from a far distant suburb, so she couldn't carry a lot at a time, but she would call again."

"An offer came from a woman whose husband is in the North with the C.C.C., to organise a working bee of her friends to bind any books that were shabby."

"But so far all the books sent in have been in such good order that they do not need rebinding."

The Housewives' Association has placed a basket in its lounge in Howey Court, Melbourne, so that members may deposit there their contributions of books.

The English Speaking Union and the Workers' Educational Association have sent in parcels. Country districts, including Maffra and Dunnolly, Victoria, sent parcels in the first week.

New South Wales has responded well also to the appeal for books for lonely men.

One gift is two hundred books

from the N.S.W. Railway Institute.

The first package of books for the Northern Territory left Melbourne last week.

All books will be distributed by the Commonwealth Amenities Officer of the Allied Works Council.

Those wishing to donate books or games should take or send them to Allied Works Council offices in the capital city of the State in which they live.

The addresses are as follows:—

N.S.W.: Room 301, Third Floor, Rickard House, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Victoria: Room 2, Third Floor, Queensland National Bank Building, 281 Collins Street, Melbourne.

South Australia: C.C.C. Bureau, Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

Queensland: 71 to 77 Adelaide Street, Brisbane.

Western Australia: 361 Murray Street, Perth.

In Melbourne, city office workers may, if they prefer it, bring the books into their own offices and telephone M4871, extension 226, and arrangements will be made to collect the books.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep

Film Reviews

★★ ASSIGNMENT IN BRITANNY

ADAPTED from Helen MacInnes' best-seller, this film makes exciting fare, skillfully acted, and serves to introduce Pierre Aumont, an attractive new French star. In the dual role of British spy and French pouli, Aumont is rarely off the screen, and has plenty of opportunity to show his dramatic ability. The supporting cast, too, does good work. As the heroine, Susan Peters, who won acclaim as the heroine in "Random Harvest," gives an effective performance. As a crippled French patriot, Richard Whorf is excellent, as also is Margaret Wycherley in the role of the traitor's mother. The fast-paced theme is centred round the courageous love of a peasant girl in Nazi-occupied France and a Free French soldier, fighting alone as a British secret agent. There is plenty of suspense, which culminates with the commando raid on a secret U-boat base. — St. James; showing.

★★ CRYSTAL BALL

AN unusual story, seasoned with flashes of light comedy, and pepped up by capable direction and a well-selected cast. The tale revolves round a fake medium (Pauline Goddard), who, through her phoney prophecies, almost succeeds in wrecking Ray Milland's career. The humor is gay and refreshing, and there are some hilarious

Our Red Cross Cover

FOR our cover this week Robert Cleland has photographed a Voluntary Aid selling badges for Red Cross Day, on Friday, December 3.

These days take place twice a year, and hundreds of thousands of badges are sold throughout the State. Since March, 1940, the Red Cross Day Committee has made nearly half a million pounds in New South Wales.

Comments supplied by Ernest Truex and Iris Adrian as the wrangling married couple. Their scenes are unfortunately all too brief. Additional comic relief is supplied by William Bendix and Sig Arno. — Empire; showing.

★★ SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT

DIRECTOR Gregory Ratoff turns out a disappointing job from material that had the makings of a super musical.

As usual with this type of film, the story is a very sketchy affair and provides merely a framework on which to hang a series of variety acts — some really first class and others that would have been better left on the cutting-room floor.

Cole Porter's score is not up to standard and from a total of nine numbers there are only two likely to set your feet tapping — a rumba, "Hasta Luego," and the sentimental "So Nice To Come Home To."

The star trio, Don Ameche, Janet Blair, and Jack Oakie, make a pleasant enough team, but the dialogue is poor, and through no fault of their own their characterizations appear stilted at dull. High spot in the show is Hazel Scott playing the piano in her very own and extremely efficient style. — State; showing.

★ TENNESSEE JOHNSON

DISPITE the fact that the script is abominably contrived and the cast exceptionally capable, the film biography of Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, is a ponderous and labored show.

The story is too episodic to hold the attention of average audiences, although Van Heflin struggles hard to inject some interest into the dull proceedings, and in the title role he gives a first-class performance.

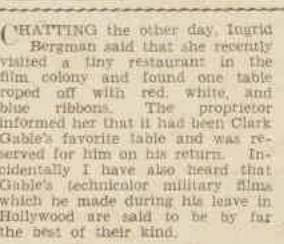
Ruth Hussey is adequate as the wife who gently guides her husband, and Lionel Barrymore is splendidly cast as the gruff politician. In lesser roles, Marjorie Main, Regis Toomey, and Grant Withers provide solid support, but the film lacks action, and that necessary touch of humanity. — Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are trying to clear **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who, with Teller Smith, is charged with theft.

The real thief is hypnotist Grando, Mandrake's ex-assistant. After a long chase Mandrake captures Grando, just as Narda and Smith are about to be convicted of theft.

NOW READ ON:



Memories recalled by songs make bright radio session

"Songs That Linger," a new session heard from station 2GB every Monday to Friday at 9.15 a.m., is based on the fact that most people associate a melody with a memory.

LISTENERS send in the name of a song and the story of an incident with which they associate it.

The stories are told, and used with recordings of the relevant songs. A song memory that constantly remained with one listener was associated with a change of fortune.

It was that ever-green number, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

During the depression he passed a 2GB community singing session, and entered and joined the throng.

His unhappiness passed like a flash, and he was fortunate enough to secure a position that very day.

Naturally, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" remains in his memory. One girl told the incident which she will always associate with "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes."

Before her fiancé left for service overseas, they were talking about their love and their marriage after the war.

He noticed the tears in her eyes, and tried to wipe them away, but she assured him they were not real tears—just the smoke from his cigarette getting in her eyes.

"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" naturally has romantic associations for her.

A listener claims that it was the influence of a song, "Did I Remember?" which helped him considerably in improving his law memory.

He was inclined to get annoyed when his wife constantly asked him if he had remembered so and so. One evening a recording of "Did I Remember?" came over the radio. He laughed and said, "There goes my theme song."

"I Paid For That Lie I Told You" was a song that another listener states was responsible for a reconciliation between himself and his wife.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, December 1: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, December 2 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, December 3: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody.

SATURDAY, December 4: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Four-square."

SUNDAY, December 5 (4.15 to 4.30): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, December 6: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, December 7: Musical Alphabet.

One night when they heard "I Paid For That Lie I Told You" on the radio his wife saw the humor of it all and relented.

Most listeners have a song and a story which are inseparable in their minds, and it is just such incidents which 2GB wishes to feature in "Songs That Linger."

All that listeners need do is name the song and tell why the incident connected with it is memorable.



OFF DUTY, two Australian nurses in New Guinea rest at afternoon-tea time. They are Sister E. M. Sadler, of Wee Waa, N.S.W., and Sister M. Cruekell, of Newcastle, N.S.W.



FRANGIPANI HIKE. Sisters S. Douch and M. Kinson, of Melbourne, show bouquets collected while hiking to Sister L. Jones, of Sydney, who is in charge of a convalescent depot for members of the A.A.N.S. and A.A.M.W.S.



SWIMMING-POOL at the convalescent depot is a boon to nurses and members of the A.A.M.W.S. M. Cumming, on the bank, with Ptes. J. Little, M. and Cpl. Holden, of the A.A.M.W.S., enjoying their

Nurses share mateship of war

In tropical heat and hardships they cheerily help heal the battle-worn

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly.

For a week I have been living in a tent in the nurses' lines of an A.I.F. field hospital in the Moresby area. From here I have ranged over several other hospitals and convalescent depots, travelling in all some 800 miles.

This is as near to the New Guinea battlefield as a woman war correspondent has been permitted to go, though there are nurses in more forward hospitals.

not in danger of capture, says the matron of the hospital, whose guest I have been. "I can see no reason why we shouldn't go as far forward as with our soldiers as possible. We don't mind such risks as bombing. We knew all about them when we enlisted." They never talk about themselves, but praise for their patients is endless.

"These boys are the patients in the world. They make everything worth while," they say. "It's a pleasure to have a real privilege to work with them. No matter how sick or badly wounded a man is, the first thought is for his make-up. No matter how sick or knocked about, he never grumbles."

Conditions are far more trying than in the Middle East. Here the heat is day-long, night-long, and year-long.

Night duty

NURSES on night duty have to wear long-sleeved blouses, suits with garters, and sometimes mosquito-proof veils. When they come off night duty there is always some personal laundry to be done before they go to bed, and sleep in a tent is hard to come by in the bright, hot, daylight hours.

In some hospitals male staff, laundry units and natives do the heavy hospital laundry, and iron some of the uniforms. It and wash the boiler suits, but everyone has to do most of her personal washing and ironing.

Sometimes the facilities for doing washing are now primitive. In other cases they are still somewhat primitive. I saw a sister in one hospital on her day off doing her washing.

She scorned my sympathy. "Why, this is a great break," she said. "We've only just got this wash-house and tubs, and we're as proud as Punch about them!"

Getting back and forth from the tents often involves an uphill tug. Most of the hospitals are in timbered, hilly country.

SEEING the nurses and members of the A.A.M.W.S. at their daily work, talking to them and to the patients in their care has been an unforgettable experience.

All the qualities which have made the Australian soldier famous are matched here.

These women all have their share of splendid mateship, indomitable courage, and rare humor which makes a cheery jest of hardships.

Through the heat and sweat of every day's duties runs the golden thread of that immortal spirit of selflessness which exalts the nursing profession to a dedicated calling.

Of course, the same spirit is the breath of life of every true hospital, but there is more to evoke it here—so many calls on compassion and patience and tenderness, and the unstinted giving of trained skill.

For many of their patients are battle-worn, weary, and scarred. Most of them will be nursed back to normal health. Some might be physically or mentally handicapped.

That's why the nurses love this job. That's why they never grumble at the sustained discomforts of the climate and the hardships which are an inescapable part of their work.

All these hospital units were formerly in the Middle East, and most of the nursing sisters and many of the Aamws are now in their fifth year of active service. Each wants to work as close as possible to the battle fronts.

"As long as the nurses are



SEVENTY-SIX STEPS lead up to the nurses' tent in the background of this picture. On the path are, reading from the front, Sister Sheila Brown, Melbourne; Sister K. P. Bonnin, Adelaide; and Sister Weatherhead, Victoria.



TWIN CATS, named "This" and "That," are cherished pets of the nurses. Matron Cook is holding "This" (or "That") while Sister R. Valder, of Greenwich, N.S.W., puts on a record. Sister B. A. Bondfield is seated at left.



HAG'S NOOK

ZINNIA'S BLOOM in the attractive garden round this tent home which has been named "Hag's Nook" by its occupants. Sister B. A. Bondfield (left) is cleaning her gumboots, while Sister R. Valder picks the zinnias, and the young "Hags" are both pretty as well as witty.

War in New Guinea

Photographs by
GORDON SHORT
Official War Photographer to
the Dept. of Information.

very hygienic, but pretty
varying for trudging along,
especially after a day's duty.
one hospital, we visited a
with a climb of over 70

The wards are generally
dispersed, and a bus
takes the nurses to those in
which they are on duty.
Matrons and sisters who do the
hands of all the wards must
be walked quite a bit of the
round the world in the
at twelve months!

Each nurse takes a pride in
tent home which she
usually shares with two or
three others. Improvised ward-
robes and dressing-tables
packing-cases are

Flowers and photographs
turn the table, which is often
inverted box with stones
covering the table-cover from
collecting A.W.L. Many of the
nurses have flourishing little
gardens round them.

the veteran sewing-machine,
which is usually to be found in
the Sisters' Mess, is always in
demand.

the Sisters' Mess in the hos-
pitals where I lived is a spacious
while, gauzed, furnished with
comfortable canvas and cane
seats prettily cushioned.
There is a piano, a machine,
and writing tables.
The floors cover most of
the cement floor, and there is
an unfailing supply of vivid
flowers and gorgeous tropical

still convalescent and rest
huts are now being built in
these hills, so that, on their off-
days, sisters are getting
opportunity to get right
away from the hospital at-
mosphere. Picnic and swim-
ming parties are often or-
ganized to a nearby island.

Where transport can be
arranged, nurses can some-
times spend an evening in the
pleasant surroundings of the
Officers' Club at Moresby, but



DIVING-BOARD at the swimming-pool of a convalescent depot in New Guinea is selected by Sister R. Young, of South Australia, as a cool spot for afternoon tea.

transport difficulties are
acute, and the majority of the
nurses in New Guinea have
seldom, if ever, visited the
club.

Traffic thunders unceas-
ingly along the dusty roads.
From the jeep to the bull-
dozer, every motor vehicle
imaginable is on active ser-
vice 24 hours a day, and the
war never stops.

Usually a nurse spends her
day off relaxing in her tent,
catching up on her home mail,
and doing the usual endless
small jobs of darning, mend-
ing, shoe-cleaning, and iron-
ing.

A considerable number of
the nurses are now on annual
leave on the mainland, and
others will go shortly.

The nurses all have Army

officer ranks, but they are by
no means rank-conscious. Nor
are they chevron-conscious.
For them, the nursing pro-
fession is a thoroughly demo-
cratic sistership, where every-
one pulls her weight.

"Why worry about the num-
ber of chevrons we get?" they
said to me. "We who got
away to the Middle East were
the lucky ones. Everyone who
enlisted wanted to go. Those
who stayed behind worked
just as hard as and often
harder than we did."

So here they are—the first
Australian women to nurse
the wounded in these tropical
areas.

And here they will stay till
the war's won. They know it
will be won all the sooner
because of their work. For
them, that's all that matters.



MATRON E. JOHNS, of the Australian General Hospital in New Guinea, picks flowers from the garden for her tent. The nurses have made a great hobby of the gardens round their living quarters.

Mystery Stalks the Roof

Continued from page 7

Animal Antics



"Look, Emily, it's the missing lynx!"

get back until to-morrow night. Anne. I beg of you, don't let the police wreck this while I'm away."

In five minutes he was off, and at last I was able to get some sleep, although it was not the best rest possible, since I was harassed by the subconscious concern about keeping the police from accomplishing their lawful duty. It was not too easy a job that Jeffrey had left me to do.

Very unfortunately I overslept the next morning. Imperative tapping at my door awakened me.

It was my brother, looking excited and combative. He said: "Up, sloth. The police are instituting the third degree in the living-room. Everybody is to come down."

"Good heavens!" I said, "and Jeffrey told me not to let them wreck everything while he was away. I'll be there in five minutes."

Ten minutes later, I stood in the living-room doorway looking in.

Everybody having anything to do with the convalescent inn was there. Jill and Rufus sat near each other. Polly Smith sat on the piano stool, and beside her in a straight chair was a nice-looking solid sort of youth whom I had not seen before. "Now just how many of you folks sleep in this house?" one of the officers was saying.

Doctor Burch answered, explaining also that the four spinsters had a cottage down the road, and the servants slept out.

The police consulted together and I heard them say "It narrows down to the nine in the house."

"Minus the English kid of course."

"Yes, and Mrs. McNeill and her brother."

An iron-grey, stern-looking officer said, "Everybody can go except Doctor Burch, Mr. Fargo, Mr. Murray, and Miss Murray, Mr. Keyes, and Miss Polly Smith."

There was general stirring, the sound of people getting up from chairs, and subdued talking together. Several started toward us when one of the men in a green uniform said in an aggressive tone, "Before we go there's something I think ought to be told. If there's any funny business suspected about the death of Mrs. Vinson, on the roof there, it's just something Mrs. Vinson told me that morning before she died." Then she stopped.

"Yes? What did she say?"

O'Connor asked.

"She was late to breakfast, so when she was explaining why to me she said the nurse Miss Smith had given her an overdose of a sleeping drink that morning at six o'clock, and she hadn't scarcely been able to drag herself out of bed, and she was so sleepy still she felt like dropping off at any minute."

So it was out, vindictively and cruelly. I saw the young man near Polly put his hand out to touch her, reassuringly, as they lay clenched in her lap.

One of the officers said, "Perhaps you'd better sit down again, everybody, so we can go into this."

Doctor Otis said: "Now, Miss Smith perhaps you can explain to us about this overdose of a sleeping draught."

"It's impossible," Doctor Burch interrupted. "She is the most careful nurse I have ever had in the house. Doctor Otis. It is an impossibility."

Please turn to page 20

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"THERE is no necessity!" Doctor Burch was again growling angry. "The mere mechanics of it are impossible. I think, Jeffrey, that if you concentrated your considerable intelligence and energy upon your legitimate profession it would be far better for you in the end."

"Perhaps it would," Jeffrey agreed. We were all standing now, Doctor Burch put his hand on Jeffrey's arm and gave it a shake. "My dear young people, now go to bed," he told us. "Just put this out of your rather over-excited minds. Trust the authorities." He laughed a little.

We said good-night then and went on up the stairs very quietly. When we came into my bedroom Jeffrey put the bottle down on the bureau and stood looking at it. He said: "I suppose I am a fool. It is an utterly fantastic theory."

"Then you'll give it up?" I asked, hoping that he would.

"Give it up? Not at all. We'll go into the city the first thing in the morning and get those things that I need for further investigation."

I sighed, undressed, and got into bed.

After breakfast the next morning Jeffrey and I drove home. Even at the risk of seeming to exaggerate, I must state that my son Michael is the most charming individual in existence. He has hair the color and softness of duck down, straight and thick, trimmed in a masculine cut. He is a very intelligent and advanced baby, grave and courteous, invariably offering to share all half-eaten risks with anyone who is about.

It was gratifying to find that he was in excellent health and had not forgotten me. It was unreasonably hard to leave him, after winding up my household affairs again, writing letters, making telephone calls, and planning meals with our cook, Mary.

I wanted to stay, but Jeffrey had told me to meet him at the Medical School late in the afternoon, so I had to go.

When I joined him he was in his

laboratory wearing his long white coat, stand near the sink and screwing something into the bottom of a black tin.

Two of his colleagues were watching him: Don Kimberley and Wilhelm Altmann.

"You had a very clever husband, Mrs. McNeill," Wilhelm Altmann said. "He has constructed an ultra-violet lamp from a soup tin."

Jeffrey said, "It didn't require any extraordinary amount of cleverness." It irritates him to be praised. "I merely put a socket in the bottom of the tin and covered the top with filter glass."

"And what is its purpose?" I asked.

"To hold this small incandescent bulb, such as they use in local ultra-violet-ray treatment."

"Is this for some patient?"

"Not at present."

I realized then that this was for use in his investigations at Doctor Burch's. It seemed mysterious and strange.

"He is making investigations in regard to fluorescein," Mrs. McNeill, Wilhelm Altmann explained. "That much we know. Any fluorescein which may be present glows under this lamp with a greenish light."

Don Kimberley said, "We've tried to get it out of him what it's for."

And Wilhelm Altmann said, "But your husband preserves a most strict silence in regard to this fluorescein mystery."

Jeffrey had finished what he was doing. He opened a drawer and put his screwdriver away. "I may be on quite the wrong track," he said. "Come on, Anne."

The other two men went off then and Jeffrey changed into his suit.

We left the laboratory, then got into our car and drove back to Torreville.

Returning there, to its contrast with my own normal environment, I was more than ever aware of the strained atmosphere of Doctor Burch's. It was as if fear had be-

come a shadow spreading throughout the house and over everything.

I don't know if it was known that Jeffrey suspected the cause of Mrs. Vinson's death. I only know that Bud greeted us on our return, saying that the place had the gaiety of a mausoleum, that Doctor Burch had been going about like a man who expected the police to whistle him to the kerb every minute, that Polly Smith was in a deep gloom, that Mrs. Murray had been in her room all day, and that Jill and Rufus Keyes and small Bobbie had gone off on a walk for all the afternoon.

I was reluctant to go into the dining-room for dinner, anticipating awkwardness in seeing Doctor Burch after last night. And it was awkward. He greeted Jeffrey and me with forced cordiality, put his arm around Bud's shoulder as we were walking in from the hall, and said he didn't know what they would do without this dear lad to bring a little sunshine into the place.

One knew what the dear lad was suffering at such triteness.

As we sat down,

one of the maids came in and said a telephone message had come from Miss Jill Murray that she and Mr. Keyes and Bobbie were staying out for dinner. This upset Doctor Burch, because he should have been notified earlier. The four spinsters were late, too, which made matters more unpleasant; and Mr. Fargo stalked into the dining-room looking neither to the right nor to the left and addressed not a single word to anyone during the entire meal.

I was more than glad when it was over and we went up the stairs to our own rooms.

"I'm going to take the lamp down to continue the investigations now," Jeffrey said. "You and Bud had better stay here, Anne."

I said, "What investigations, Jeffrey?"

He was taking the lamp he had made from the box in which we had brought it up. He looked at me and said: "You won't care to come, my dear. It's going to be rather unpleasant."

"But what exactly are you going to do?" I asked.

He answered abruptly: "It's a test with this lamp. If there's a special trace of fluorescein in any part of the body, that part will glow silver-green under the lamp."

"May I come?" I asked. "I should very much like to, Jeffrey. I feel pretty sure, too, that there is something extremely rotten about this death of Mrs. Vinson's — and Walshied's, also, for that matter."

Jeffrey said, "Walshied's death is a closed subject, but Mrs. Vinson's isn't. You can come if you want."

"I shall come, too," I said. "I may not go into the room with you, actually, but I'll be waiting in another room. As a matter of fact, I don't think it could be many degrees more unpleasant than the house is here."

So we all drove around to that house on the main street of Torreville where Mrs. Vinson's body lay.

I waited in the car while Jeffrey and Bud disappeared inside. About half an hour later they reappeared and the grim expressions of both their faces suggested to me at once that they had made some important discovery.

"What is it, Jeffrey?" I cried. "Did you find—"

"Yes, we did!" His tone matched his looks. "A definite trace of fluorescein in the sole of her foot. And that means she was murdered."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "But how—"

"Come on. I'll have to tell the police at once," Jeffrey said, motioning Bud to get into the car. "This is a most important development."

We drove away from the house and down the street into the town's small and now darkened shopping centre. We were all three sitting on the front seat, jammed companionably close together.

Bud said, "Nobody could have put a hypodermic needle into the sole of her foot. She must have stepped on something."

"It looks like it," Jeffrey said. "Somebody may have put a tack in her shoe, of course, but that is so improbable a way. Most people would feel the tack before stamping down on it. And also I doubt if sufficient fluorescein would adhere to a tack."

I said: "But do you think anyone

Sons of the Sea

The history of the Empire's Navy
... in narrative, music, and drama.

NOW WED. 9 P.M.
(COMM. DEC. 8 TH)

2GB

All your favorite
Pantomimes over
the Air!

"Beauty and the Beast"
"Jack and the Beanstalk"
"Mother Goose"
"Robinson Crusoe"
"Sinbad the Sailor"
"Bluebeard"
"Goody Two Shoes"
"Dick Whittington"
"Puss in Boots"
"Mother Hubbard"
"Aladdin"

Mon., Wed., Fri.
5.15 p.m.

2GB

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune predominates this week. On three of the seven days many may achieve desired goals or changes. December 4 can be adverse, so be cautious.

Arians, Leonians, and Sagittarians are likely to benefit most at present, with Librans and Aquarians next in line for good fortune.

Geminians must try to avoid losses, opposition, partings, and changes, and Virgoans and Pisceans should be on guard against difficulties, delays, and worries.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): A good week possible, no seek desired changes, opportunities, and gains. December 2 (dawn to midday, and 1 p.m. to midnight), and December 3 (afternoon hours and after 5 p.m.), very good. December 6 (to 3 p.m.), good, balance fair, except midday hours. December 7 good to 8 a.m., and after 8 p.m., balance fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): December 7 just fair, but a week of routine is advised. Better times soon.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Be guarded at all you do just now. Losses and opposition, partings, and unexpected changes are on. Try to live quietly, especially on December 3. Be patient and wise.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): A week to be quiet, but December 2 (except early afternoon hours) and December 3 can be moderately helpful.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): December 6, a good midday, but good from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. December 7 can be very helpful. New ventures, make important decisions, seek opportunities now or soon.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Be patient and guarded. Avoid all changes and opportunities just now. Difficulties, delays, and worries are paramount, especially on December 4 (worst) round midday and in the evening, and on December 5 (worst) late sunset.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): December 2 (except early afternoon) and December 3 (afternoon and after 10 p.m.) can be surprisingly helpful. Seek desired gains, but do not be rash.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): December 2 (midday hours) and December 3 (evening) rather poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): An excellent week for wide-awake Sagittarians. Seek opportunities, changes, gains, and favors. Start new ventures. From fully December 2 (except early afternoon), December 3 (especially the afternoon hours and after 10 p.m.), December 4 (morning, midday, and from 3 p.m. onward), December 7 fair. December 4 and 8 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): December 2 (except midday) and December 3 (except mid-evening), moderately good, but avoid over-enthusiastic actions.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): December 2 (except early afternoon) and December 3 (afternoon and after 10 p.m.) can be helpful. December 6 (from 2 a.m. to 9 a.m.) and December 7 (before 7 a.m. and in the evening) very fair.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): Be guarded. Constructive and ambitious undertakings prevail just now, especially on December 30 and December 1, 4, and 5. December 6 (midday) poor.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Now the first thing I want you to show me here on the desert is a mirage."

Fashion PATTERNS

F2330



F2329



Fashion Frock Service

"I.M.A." SMART SHIRTMAKER
IN LINEN.

This crisp, youthful little frock for present wear is fashioned in medium-weight English linen (famous crisp fabric crease-resisting linen). Shades available are limited, but include: rust-brown, pastel, and medium pink, pale, and medium blue. Would be advisable to state second choice when ordering. Design shows a neat shoulder yoke with fullness over bust, turn-back tailored collar, and short, well-lined sleeves. Skirt is gathered. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, 32.6 (13 coupons), sizes 36, 38, and 40 in. bust, 35.1 (13 coupons). Plus postage, 2/6. Cut Out Only (to sew at home): Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, 39.6 (13 coupons); sizes 36, 38, 40 in. bust, 42.6 (13 coupons). Plus postage, 2/6. How to obtain "I.M.A." In N.S.W., obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3400RR, G.P.O., Sydney. To other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip and waist measurements.

F2331



Needlework Notions

• Gay, useful articles you can make from pieces of felt.

THE articles listed hereunder are illustrated in color on page 19.

Paper patterns are available for these from our Needlework Department. They can also be obtained cut out in felt all in readiness for making. A real service for those who cannot obtain pieces of felt in their district. Instructions for making accompany felt. Colors available—make your choice from these: Honey-brown, sage-blue, royal-blue, beige, red, navy-blue, emerald-green.

No. 415.—Bag and Beanie (illustrated in red on page 19). Cut out in felt ready to make, 6/11, plus 3 coupons (for beanie), and 41d. postage. Paper pattern only, 1/7.

F409.—Child's Handbag (illustrated in blue with colored trimming page 19). Cut out in felt, price 6/6, plus 41d. postage. Paper pattern only, 1/4.

F410.—Circular Style Tea-caddy (illustrated in pale blue with floral motif). Cut out in felt, price 6/6, plus 41d. postage. Paper pattern only, 1/4.

N.B.—Note colors available at top of page. Make your choice.

F414.—Smart, Gathered Handbag (illustrated in green). Cut out in felt, price 8/6, plus 41d. postage. Paper pattern only, 1/4.

F411.—Quaint Tea-caddy (illustrated in royal-blue, topped with gay-colored flowers). Cut out in felt, price 6/6, plus 41d. postage. Paper pattern only, price 1/4.

F412.—Cottage Tea-caddy (see it on page 19). Cut out in felt, 6/11, plus 41d. postage. Paper pattern only, 1/4.

F413.—Child's Dressing Handbag (illustrated in red with blue flowers). Cut out in felt, 7/6, plus 41d. postage. Paper pattern only, 1/4.

F2328.—Chic two-piece for young misses 4 to 10 years of age. Requires 2½ to 3yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2330.—Shirtmaker dress, highlighted with a frothing of frills. Sizes 32 to 36 in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2331.—Elegant style for special occasions. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2332.—Exclusive design in a redingote effect. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3½yds. dark and 1½yds. light contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2333.—New Yorker style sunsuit and matching wrap. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½yds. contrast for trimming. Pattern, 1/7.

F2334.—Beautifully styled dressing-gown. Sizes 32 to 36 in. bust. Requires 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

DON'T be disappointed if your needlework order doesn't reach you by return post. Under present conditions delays are unavoidable. You can be sure your order will be despatched as soon as possible.



F2334

F2332

F2333

PLEASE NOTE. To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: ★ Write your name and address in block letters. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. ★ State size required. ★ For children, state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue; 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed.

Send your order to "Pattern Department" to the address in your State, as under:

Box 1584, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 4910, G.P.O., Perth. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 4697, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 608W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME

STREET

TOWN

STATE

BOX

Patterns Coupon, 4/12/43.



SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE SMART SUMMER SUITS

To fit sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust.

No. 1.—Material required, 4½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2.—Material required, 4½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3.—Material required, 4½yds., 36ins. wide.



AT WORK in an Australian Field Hospital in New Guinea. Sgt. H. Beale, A.A.M.W.S., serves milk to Pte. W. H. G. Gough, Adelaide (seated). At back are Ptes. R. L. Mole, Brighton, N.S.W.; R. N. Hand, and C. F. Wade, of Tumut, N.S.W.

On and off DUTY.

With the A.A.M.W.S. in New Guinea

By ALICE JACKSON

Scattered over a number of widely dispersed areas, members of the Australian Army Medical Women's Service in New Guinea are doing excellent work.

REGISTRAR of the largest hospital in the areas I visited said to me: "They do all the clerical work here, with the exception of the key positions, in which we have to place male clerks with vast experience of Service work."

"They are living under exactly the same conditions as men and working the same hours, serving as medical, theatre, and mess orderlies, and doing general duties."

"They are splendid girls, and I couldn't praise them too highly. Nothing makes me quite so angry as to hear anyone talk of their work as a 'glamor' job. Believe me, there is definitely NO glamor for girls on service here."

I had plenty of opportunities to see and talk to the girls at work, and I soon found myself in complete agreement with the emphatic "NO GLAMOR" viewpoint of the Registrar.

At the best of times, work in the tropics has never been regarded with enthusiasm by white women—nor by white men, either.

Under the war conditions here, little can be done to moderate the discomforts of the climate or to provide facilities for the rest and relaxation which are doubly necessary for young women whose stamina and energy are being continually drained by the nature of their work.

So these girls are pioneering the job. They have the satisfaction of knowing they are doing their country an urgently needed service, and we all owe them a debt of gratitude.

I do not know any job in the women's Services, in munitions, industry, or commerce on the mainland which calls for such qualities of fortitude.

The girls are coming through with flying colors. The nursing sisters, who so thoroughly understand and appreciate the value of their help, all give them the highest praise for their hospital work.

"We had years of training before we enlisted," one sister said to me. "We are thoroughly accustomed to standing up to any strain, but most of these youngsters have had no real toughening."

"Many of them are from luxury homes. But every girl of them is a grand soldier. We're proud to have them helping us."

Each unit has a small mess where friends can be entertained. A club



TWO VILLAGE CHILDREN, Vakarot and Laloba, are taken for a walk by Betty Cook, of Adelaide, who is serving with the Australian Army Medical Women's Service in New Guinea.



SWIMMING-POOL at a convalescent depot in New Guinea. Sister Whitford on the diving board, with three members of the A.A.M.W.S., Pte. D. McLennan, Sgt. N. Edwards, and Pte. J. Brown.



CUP OF TEA outdoors for three members of the A.A.M.W.S. serving in New Guinea. They are Ptes. L. Wright, Melbourne; Mollie McCarthy, Manly, N.S.W.; and J. Hay, of Melbourne.



TOM-TOM SOLO, by Sig. Cilce Howlett, of Cremorne N.S.W. He is entertaining a mixed audience at a native village in New Guinea, including several members of the A.A.M.W.S. who were visiting the village during their off-duty hours.



NELL BACKHOUSE, of Kullarney, Qld., who is serving with the A.A.M.W.S. in New Guinea, makes friends with the shy, unworldly inhabitant of a native village.

—Dept. of Information pictures.

is to be built for the area where girls from all the units can meet.

This is badly needed, as the girls can go out only in sixes, and it is naturally difficult for an Aamws in one area to visit a friend in another area on her day off. She has first to assemble five other girls willing to visit the same place.

At present this rule is never relaxed—not even for a father who wishes to take out his daughter or a brother his sister.

"The rule was made for special reasons, and for the girls' own protection," Major Christie, Officer-in-Charge of A.A.M.W.S. for the area, told me. "Our first duty is to protect the girls."

Arranged dance

ON my first evening in New Guinea I went to a dance arranged by Aamws in their mess at a field hospital about twenty miles from Moreaby.

Each girl had invited one guest. The mess, a large gauzed hut with a piano in it, was charmingly decorated with flowers and tropical foliage. The dance music was good.

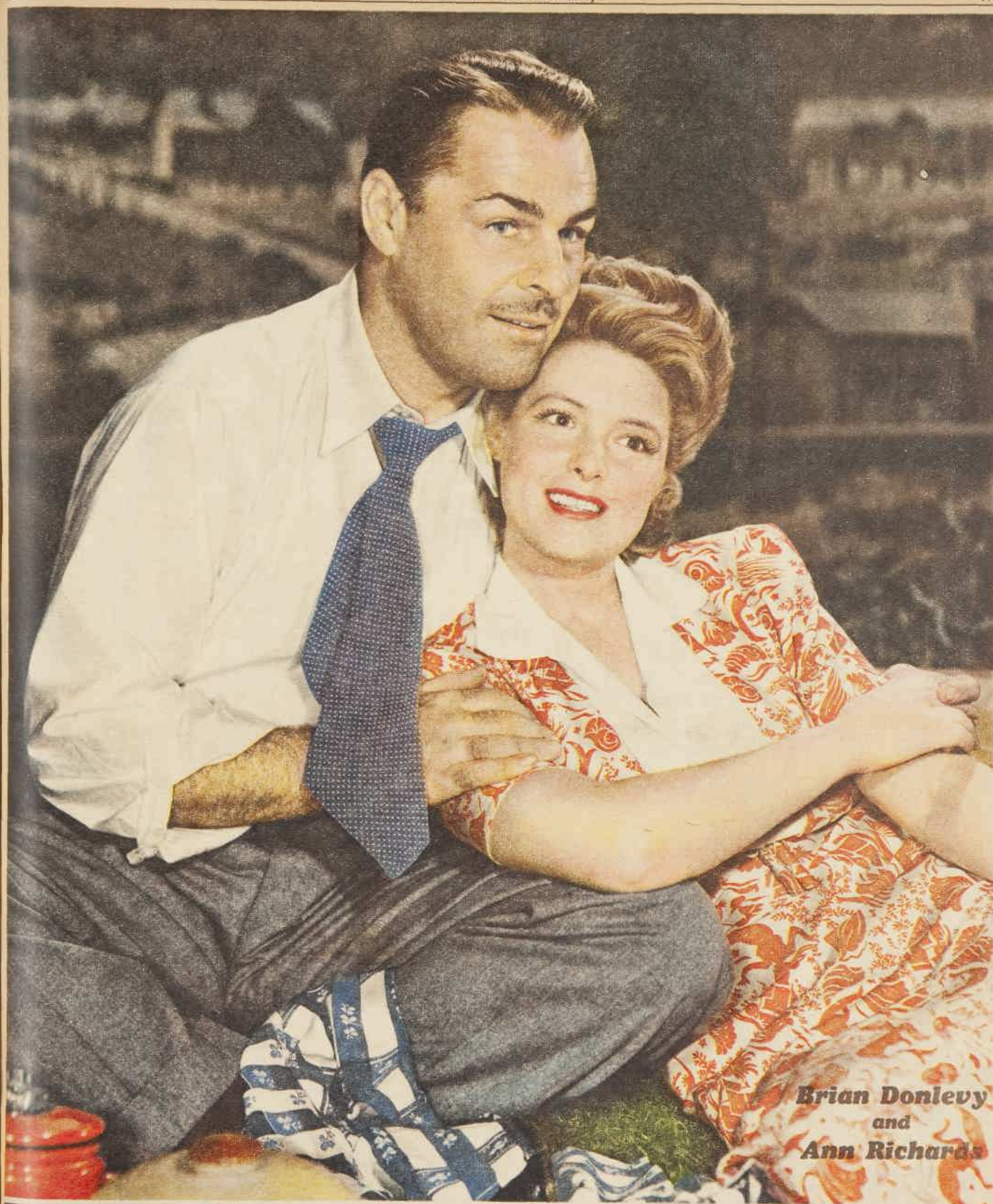
This was one of the first dances the Aamws have had since their arrival. It was a great success. The happy evening ended at 10 o'clock with the girls making plans to repeat the experiment.

Launch picnics are arranged on Sundays and sometimes week-day afternoons to an island where the swimming is good.

These breaks in the steady routine are very welcome and very necessary. When the pioneering stage is over and clubs and rest centres are established, so that girls on leave can get right away from the camp routine, life will be less exacting for them.

Meantime, if you who read this have a daughter or a friend in the A.A.M.W.S. in New Guinea, write to her often and cheerily. Letters are the great link with home. Girls share their home news, and on mail days you'll hear them say: "No doubt about my mother. She writes to me every Wednesday."

When no letter comes, it is, rather wistfully: "Ah, well, I suppose Mum's got used to me being away. After all, I haven't seen much of home in the past four years!"



**Brian Donlevy
and
Ann Richards**

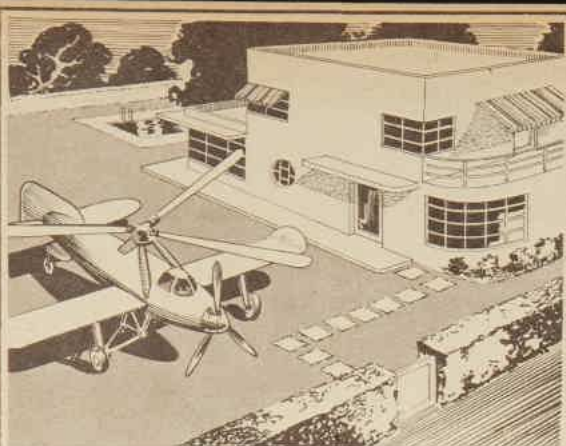
Movie World

• Only a few weeks after her arrival in Hollywood, young Australian Ann Richards was selected for one of the most coveted roles of the year in MGM's "America." She is photographed with co-star Brian in a scene from this technicolor drama

of American industry. Ann appeared in several Cinesound productions in Australia, and is acclaimed by Hollywood as the acting discovery of the year. Hailed as a young Greer Garson, Ann's first American appearance was in a Passing Parade short.

BUBBLES ... IN THE SWIM





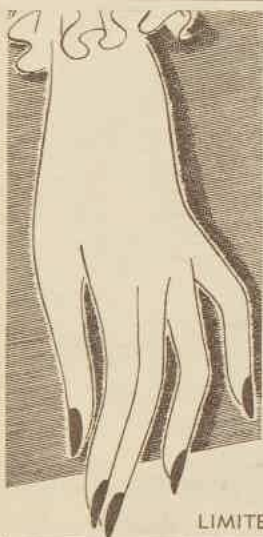
TO-MORROW

To-day the war effort must come first, but in that "to-morrow" when battle ends in Victory we shall apply new inventions and discoveries for "the pursuit of happiness." Thousands of new houses will be built—many of them prefabricated from new building materials. Much of the furniture may be "built in"—helicopters may replace motor cars. We shall want the best of these new things—as well as the best of the more familiar past.

We shall want dignity and comfort, and cheerful colours to brighten our homes, so that Australia's first choice in floor coverings will still be Feltex.

FELTEX

Meantime let us hasten Victory by purchasing Government Bonds and WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES.



CUTEX MANICURE PREPARATIONS

Emery Boards

Cutex Emery Boards are preferable to steel files because they are safe to use on the most delicate nail, and do not need pressure for shaping.

Manicure Sticks

Do not splinter

LIMITED SUPPLIES AVAILABLE

LAXETTES



Chocolate laxative squares, are gentle in action. LAXETTES are especially suited to the needs of children and nursing mothers. LAXETTES have no underlying taste of medicine.

LAXETTES can be given at any time children require a laxative, just before going to bed is most suitable. Made by the LAXETTE Manufacturing Company, Standard Tin, 18 Laxettes, 1/7d. Trial Tin, 6d.



L.S.1



1 WHEN he fails at school, Ken (Roddy McDowall) is reprimanded by father, Rob (Preston Foster); mother (Rita Johnson) intercedes.



2 FOCAL POINT of Ken's dreams is to own a horse, and, in hope of rousing ambition, his parents agree.



3 THE WILD little animal, Flicka, almost kills itself against a fence, but responds to Ken's training.

MY FRIEND FLICKA

FILMED in vivid technicolor, amid the craggy mountains of Utah, 20th Century-Fox have made the screen version of Mary O'Hara's popular novel, "My Friend Flicka," an appealing and charmingly simple story.

Producer Ralph Dietrich made every effort to assure the faithfulness of the film to the novel. Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, and Rita Johnson were selected to head the cast, and a long location jaunt to Utah was undertaken. There the richly colorful backgrounds and magnificent horses provided plenty of scope for Director Harold Schuster and his technicolor camera.

Appearing in the film version of a best-selling novel seems to be Roddy's strong point, since his work in "How Green Was My Valley" and "The Pied Piper" accounted for much of the success of these films.



5 THAT NIGHT Ken goes down to the creek to the stricken animal, and he catches pneumonia.



6 WHILE his son is battling for life, Rob decides he cannot shoot Ken's beloved Flicka, and the young pair together make a slow but sure recovery.



4 WHEN Flicka gets fever, Rob tells Ken he will have to shoot the horse.



MAGIC from the WORLD OF TO-MORROW...

For you . . . and every woman . . . a thrilling new world of beauty lies just around the corner. MAX FACTOR * HOLLYWOOD for example, have already created many exciting new fashions in make-up that are only awaiting the happier days of peace to be introduced. In the meantime, of course, you must continue to use your make-up sparingly . . . and buy only what you actually need.

Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD * LONDON



REPRESENTATIVES FOR AUSTRALIA:
FRED C. JAMES & GEO. H. ANDERSON
BOX 1942 V, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

All made from pieces of felt...

TO-DAY, all kinds of gay and pretty things for personal use, as well as for home service, are being made by capable hands from scraps of felt. It's quite the craze!

Illustrated are some bright ideas for Christmas gifts. By the way, patterns and sufficient felt for the making of some of these are available from our Needlework Department. See page 15 for details.



BONNY BAGS for little girls. See Nos. F409 and F413, listed on page 15.



YOU CAN make yourself this snappy satchel and bag to match. Both available cut out in felt, also smart green bag at right. See Nos. F415 and F414, listed on page 15.



DECORATIVE or tailor-like belts from felt are stunning. Do make one for yourself. No patterns available.



GAY BALLS for tiny people are easily made from felt. No pattern available for this.

QUAINT TEA-COSIES in felt. Patterns and felt available for this trio. For details see Nos. F411, F412, F413, page 15.



TWO SUGGESTIONS for cushions in felt. Make handsome gifts. Use filling from shabby cushions.



THIS SUPER DRESSING-GOWN was made by one of our readers. Felt was joined together in strips, then placed on a pattern, and cut accordingly. It is lined with taffeta from a discarded evening gown.



A QUARTET of bright ideas—pin-cushions and needle-cases. Not difficult to make. Illustrations above will guide you in the making of these quaint, colorful, inexpensive Christmas gifts.

Germolene

SKIN OINTMENT

healed HIS INJURED ARM



"A few weeks ago I had the misfortune to have my right arm caught in a large gate," reports F. G. C. "I was advised to go to hospital, but I had no business to attend to. The wound did not seem to be serious, and you can believe it or not, in one week after using Germolene the arm is well again, and I sit and write this letter in peace of Germolene."

Are YOU distressed, worried, agonized by Skin Trouble? Are YOU worried by an open wound which WON'T heal, whatever you do? Get yourself a jar of Germolene now. FEEL how it soothes! SEE how it heals! NOTICE how it banishes skin trouble and leaves hardly a mark or scar behind!

In glass jars (war-time pack), 1/6, one size only.

Germolene Quickly Heals ECZEMA, BURNS, SUNBURN, INSECT BITES, CUTS, ABSCESSES, HEAT RASH, WOUNDS, etc.



Give PYREX for Xmas!

It's a practical gift which will thrill any housewife. Cooking in clear Agee Pyrex Ovenware is a delight. Wise women appreciate the virtues of Pyrex cooking . . . its economy, its simplicity and its dietetic value.

So give Pyrex . . . and give pleasure!

AGEE PYREX

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

Makers of vitally necessary dispensary, laboratory and clinical glassware for use by the fighting forces.

NO NEED TO WEAR GLASSES . . . if you suffer from SHORT SIGHT, LONG SIGHT, ASTIGMATISM, FAILING SIGHT, SQUINT, TURNED EYES, STRAIN, TIRED EYES, EYE HEADACHES, or any other eye weakness (except Distended Eyes), you owe it to yourself to investigate Ferguson Eyesight Training, which treats the cause and not the effect of these eye troubles.

Men, women and children of all ages from 5 to 75 have come to see me, worried and fearful about their eyes, and have gone away relieved and hopeful again. I have helped hundreds of people to perfect eyesight again without the necessity for wearing glasses. These include lads about to enter the Air Force, Sailors, and Soldiers. Women for the Services, Engine Drivers, Chauffeurs, Policemen, men, women and children from all ranks and conditions of life, and all callings people whose careers and livings depend upon their eyes.

No matter what your age, if this makes you say to yourself, "that's me!" call or write (enclosing 2/6d. stamp for postage) for full information and my Free Booklet "Better Natural Sight Without Wearing Glasses" (consultation is free) to Ferguson Eyesight Training, 4th Floor, Manchester Daisy Building, 180a, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA2455.

POLLY SMITH

got up. She looked pretty and frightened. She said: "Mrs. Vinson rang her bell at six o'clock in the morning and insisted that I give her a sedative. She said she hadn't slept a wink all night. I said that I couldn't give her one without authorisation from Doctor Burch, and I didn't want to wake him because he had been sleeping badly lately, but she insisted."

"She became hysterical, and to quiet her I said that I would ask Doctor Burch, but I didn't. I suppose it was very wrong of me, but I came upstairs to my bathroom, took a tumbler of hot water, and put in it some aromatic ammonia, some bicarbonate of soda, and a little soap. Then I took it down and gave it to her—it was very wrong, I know."

"I don't see anything wrong about it," the young man beside her said firmly and loudly. "I think it was the right thing to do, and anybody with any common sense would say so, too."

The police all looked up at him, and one of them said, "And who are you, young feller?"

"I'm Peter Bennett. I'm the owner of a garage over in Cannan, and Miss Smith and I are going to be married next week."

"Okay. When we want your opinion we'll ask for it."

"You say you gave this synthetic sedative by hypodermic," the district attorney inquired suavely.

"No, by mouth," Polly said.

Mystery Stalks the Roof

Continued from page 14

"But perhaps later on you went up on to the roof and gave her a hypodermic injection?"

Doctor Burch exclaimed in indignation. "Why in the world should she?"

"We're not asking why should she. We're asking, did she?"

"Of course, I didn't!" Polly exclaimed. "It's absurd. I never heard of anything so unreasonable. I never saw Mrs. Vinson after she went out on the roof, until she died."

The police consulted together again.

"Who did see Mrs. Vinson on the roof, then, before she died?" Doctor Otis shot the question at the room.

"We saw her," Jill Murray said. She looked at Rufus Keyes and he nodded. "She had written Mr. Keyes and me some offensive notes and we went up there to—well, to argue with her."

"You, Mr. Keyes," one of the others said, "you corroborate this? You went up on the roof with Miss Murray?"

"I did."

"How long were you up there?"

"Perhaps ten minutes, perhaps less."

"Was Mrs. Vinson alive then?"

"Absolutely."

"Did you touch her in any way?"

"I wouldn't with a ten-foot pole."

There was the faintest reaction of amusement.

"Did anyone else see her up there on the roof—that is, see her and talk to her?" the officer asked.

"I did, officer," Doctor Burch admitted. "I had some business to discuss with her, so I went up and sat on her steamer rug with her and we had a very pleasant little five-minute chat, but I found the heat of the sun too oppressive. I have never been so ardent a devotee

of the great Sun-Father Principle as Mrs. Vinson was."

I remembered Doctor Burch rushing up the stairs the morning Mrs. Vinson had died. The angry mood he had been in then was scarcely a good prelude to a pleasant little five-minute business chat on her steamer rug.

"Anybody else?" asked the officer, and Mrs. Murray's voice answered quietly:

"Yes, I had gone into the attic to put away a pair of Bobbie's grey flannel trousers. The door was open on to the roof and it was such a lovely day that I looked out. Mrs. Vinson was sitting on the rug in the shadow of the chimney. She said that the glare hurt her eyes, but that she was going to stretch out in the sun and take a snooze in a few minutes."

The police consulted together again, and finally ordered everyone to leave, except the six they had named—previously—Doctor Burch, Mrs. Murray and Jill, Rufus, Mr. Fargo, and Polly.

At this, Mr. Fargo burst out into his harsh laugh. He said: "That's a good one on the famous lady detective? Sent out of an investigation because she's a superfluous person. That'll look well in the papers, that will."

I looked at him and remembered how he had struck Bud across the face. I said to the police as I stood beside them:

"Perhaps you would be interested to know that Mr. Fargo also talked with Mrs. Vinson when she was out on the roof. He told us that he looked out of the attic door and there she was simply roasting herself on the steamer rug. He told her that she shouldn't lie out there

so long, but she didn't pay any attention to him."

I then looked at Mr. Fargo, and inclined my head to him slightly. I think he was mentally swearing at me as I stalked out.

Bud and I collected some fruit and rolls from the kitchen and went and sat in the garden, where eventually Sergeant O'Connor came so to with another tall, Swedebush-looking officer.

He asked, "Where were you at the time of Mrs. Vinson's death, can you tell me, Mrs. McNeill?"

I said: "I don't know when she died. I was lying out here on a long chair most of the morning."

"Can you see that lower roof line where you were?"

I could see it between apple branches, but not very well.

"Did you notice anything out of the way happening there?" he asked.

"Not a thing," I answered.

The other man said: "It's funny two deaths on roofs within a week. Well, maybe somebody else saw something up there. We'll have to inquire of everybody."

"We'll have to investigate every room in the house," O'Connor said, "working up from the bottom."

"That attic, too," the Swedebush-looking officer said. "We've got to make a thorough search of the attic."

Suddenly I felt convinced that they should not be allowed to go into that attic until Jeffrey came back. There was in the back of my mind a strong feeling that there was something about the attic of the most importance. Somebody had said something about that attic room that had a vital bearing on this case.

To be continued

Lantern on the Beach

Continued from page 5

Man Si, and added fervently, "Oh, let it be!"

The horizontal beams of mobile searchlights darted over the angry whitecaps, then converged swiftly on one point.

Not more than six hundred yards out, the after half of a submarine angled out of the sea, its stern rocking and shuddering before the onslaught.

Next morning—a clear, bright morning with a sea still running over the wrecked submarine—Eddie, his parents, and Tuncy bringing up the rear, trudged through the sand to the Nags Head Station.

This time, when Eddie hove in

sight, everybody clapped and cheered.

Old Captain Knight said to the assembled crowd: "Well, here's the boy and his pony that did it. Eddie, we wanted to tell you we're proud of you, and we're going to get him a medal."

Eddie grinned. His father found his mother's hand and squeezed it, and her lip trembled with pride.

"Well," drawled Old Man Si, "he wanted total war. Man and he well hit 'em with everything we got! Eh, Eddie?"

(Copyright)



This Season SMASH THE SQUANDER BUG

Present-giving can be wasteful—and how the Squander Bug enjoys waste! He'd love to use the sentiment of Christmas to fool you into the wrong kind of present-giving. Smash him this year by giving presents that last—presents that Back the Attack.

This Year—Gifts that LAST

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

6d. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS (GIFT FOLDERS FREE)

5'- NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMPS

Be fair to them, give yourself a chance

● Are you an over-tired mother struggling single-handed with a growing young family? Then read the case of Mrs. Wesby . . .

I WANT a good strong tonic, doctor. I can't get any help in the house, and the children are getting on my nerves."

Mrs. Wesby's worn face bore out her words. She was a pretty, smart girl of 19 when she married eight years ago. Now, with three lively youngsters under six, she looks older than her years, and is more careless in her dress.

"I'd be a bad case of nerves, too," said, "if I tried to do what you're doing."

"The complete care of your little family is an overtime job for anyone. Why don't you give yourself a break by sending Bobby and Joan to the kindergarten?"

"Oh, doctor! They're still such babies," she objected. "After all, Bobby's only just turned five and Joan isn't three yet. They need almost as much mothering as baby."

"That sounds nice and sentimental," I said, "but really it's not. What about yourself, for example? You're constantly over-tired and nervous, aren't you? Do you think that's fair to yourself or the children? It's bad for youngsters to have a worried, anxious mother, and you're just working round in a vicious circle."

"But I must do my duty by them, doctor, however tired I am," said Mrs. Wesby.

"Of course," I said, "and your duty is to give them the benefits of a kindergarten. Let them have the fun of living in a child's world, with the companionship of other children and a share of the busy, happy life that a kindergarten provides. You are

over-mothering now. You'll make a better job of it if you have them with you only at the beginning and end of the day—and you'll make a better job of yourself, too.

"A little more rest and leisure to widen your interests is the best tonic I can prescribe to give you back your old sparkle and poise."

Mrs. Wesby took a lot of convincing, but at length agreed, very doubtfully, to try it out for a month or so.

I wish I could give the same prescription to all young mothers struggling single-handed with a growing little family.

Australia needs a kindergarten in every city street and every country village. Then we wouldn't be slowly committing national suicide with our families of one and two children.

By
MEDICO



POSITIVE HEALTH and happiness radiate from this little family . . . Mother manages well.

Garden News

CABBAGES, cauliflowers, and brussels sprouts may be sown in many areas during December for late autumn and winter production.

Where the season for sowing is a trifle advanced, seedlings may be thinned out or transplanted.

It is very important that the right varieties of cabbages, cauliflowers, and brussels sprouts be sown at the right time. Varieties planted out of season either produce poor hearts or run direct to seed.

Wherever the gardener is in doubt he or she is advised to ask reputable needsmen what to sow—and when.

Seed-raising is simple, and consists of utilising a bed of rather moderately good soil. When the plants have developed their fourth leaves and the stems are sturdy and strong, the plants may be lifted and set out in rich soil.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.

RUN DOWN



MEN * WOMEN HATE THEM

Is the strain of to-day's conditions getting you down? Do you suffer from "nerves," depressed feeling, brain fog? Are you tired when you wake up? Do you sleep badly, suffer from headaches? These are signs of mineral starvation; lack of iron, calcium and phosphate. Bidomak replaces this deficiency, and health returns. Bidomak benefits you in 7 days—or money back. 3/-.

AT CHEMISTS OR STORES

BIDOMAK

FOR NERVES, BRAIN & DEPRESSED FEELING

In the BIG jar and EXTRA LARGE tube you get more cleans for your money . . .

NUGGET White

IS RIGHT for ALL your white shoes

Foundations of Health

A CONTRIBUTION BY BERLEI TO BETTER LIVING

THE CHILD MIND

This is the final part of the Berlei article on "Training the Child Mind."

A primary purpose of all training is to help the child to develop independent self-control and self-direction—in an objective manner—for his own good and for the social good, too. If he is shown why his naughtiness is not to be tolerated—because it grieves, harms or makes extra work for others; or because it makes him dirty, ill or uncomfortable, he can reason his way out of such behaviour.

Perhaps the most important factor in the control of infantile emotion is good health. A sense of well-being limits his need to express himself by tantrums and outbursts.

But he depends greatly upon a wholesome parental approach. Demonstrative, fussy, excitable parents disturb and irritate him. He should never have to suffer highly exciting events such as a boisterous party or quarrels. He should not, however, be emotionally repressed— forbidden to give way to socially desirable emotions such as joy, laughter, sympathy, pity and wholesome outlets for his energy.

Above all, never let the child form the impression that the whole of his little universe revolves around him.

Yours is indeed a great responsibility—but your success is a great reward. So remember—Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Berlei

TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS



EVER TRY remodelling your hats. It can be fun. If you're smart enough you can save money and coupons. Deanna Durbin, Universal star, pictured above, does a good job. She can fix up a hat in no time, she says. Copy her!

Miss Precious Minutes says:

LEMON juice and salt will remove stains from knife handles.

MILDEW weather ahead, so don't store clothes in a damp place; put damp articles in the soiled linen bag.

NEVER hang up your knitted garments. Keep them flat in a drawer; lay flat to air, also to dry after laundering them.

WHEN darning socks or stockings never draw the thread tightly. Leave a tiny loop at each end to allow for shrinkage.

THIS moth menace . . . Moths like warm, dark cupboards—anywhere, in fact, where they are not disturbed. At least once a month, more often if possible, beat, brush, and shake your clothes well, and air them in the sun. Sun and air kill the grubs.

THE ELUSIVE MALE

Alleyne Leslie handles some posers.



Q: For two whole years Don has been taking Ann out—but never a hint of wedding bells from him. What's her best move?

1. Cut him out of her life?
2. Let him see how much she loves him and ask if he's serious?
3. Carry on and hope all will come well one day?

A: No. 3, Ann, but with a big difference! Now's the time to wheel out your heaviest ammunition. Concentrate on a milk-and-roses complexion, line up a couple of presentable males as decoys and open your campaign. Begin the good work with Erasmic Creams. In no time you'll have him at your feet—with a sapphire in his hand and a honeymoon on his mind.



Q: Carol is over-the-ears in love with her dearest girl friend's brother, but the girl friend knows that Carol cuts no ice with him. Should she—

1. Say nothing and hope events will save a broken heart?
2. Have an intimate talk with Carol?
3. Put brother wise?

A: No. 2 is right, my dear. Then lend her some of your own ravishing beauty help to make her different from the other girls brother knows. See that always, under her powder, goes a film of bewitching Erasmic Vanishing Cream. Then she'll remain sweet and fetching long after the rest of the frails have wilted.



Q: Out with a couple of girl friends, May sees the attractive captain she met for the first time last week—and he's alone! Should she—

1. Acknowledge him with a friendly, dignified nod?
2. Pretend she hasn't seen him but stay hopefully in his line of vision?
3. Go over to his table?

A: Correct is No. 1, May. If you have that radiant complexion men can't forget, he'll be the one to make the overtures. Keep yourself in line for such thrilling moments by using Erasmic Cold Cream nightly to freshen skin and give it the satiny look and feel that turns a girl into a real stag-line layer.

ERASMIC VANISHING AND COLD CREAMS

In tubes and jars 1/2d.



Appeal to Self-interest

When a child does something voluntarily he does it because it pleases him (self-interest). But when it is pointed out to him that certain conduct or actions are contrary to his self-interest, he is likely to lose interest in that particular activity. It is well to give him some substitute activity of a harmless nature which will appeal to his self-interest. Guidance and persuasion are not an arbitrary "mustn't"—are ended.

The child mind is quick to sense an alliance. Where discipline must be enforced it should be with sympathy and sympathetic strength firm. Harshness and caprice have no place in the parent-child association—they only breed fear and resentment.



The Child and his Emotions

The infant is inclined to give way to emotions, and generally makes the most of them. Emotional outbursts are often difficult for a parent to suppress, but unless the child is guided to control his emotions he will use them against his parents to get his way. Moreover, he is likely to develop emotional unbalance.



TRY this chocolate mousse on the Christmas menu. Its cold, delicious texture suits the season. See recipe. Economical.

Carrots important

CARROTS have recently gained considerable publicity from the belief that a substance which they contain improves vision during black-out. Carotene—a yellow crystalline substance found in carrots—is the source of Vitamin A which is a factor in the prevention of night blindness.

As they are also a fair source of several other vitamins, they rank high among the ordinary foodstuffs. It is a good policy to include carrots, either raw or cooked, in the family menu each day, or every second day. All homemakers understand their usefulness for flavoring soups, casseroles, and stews, and their color makes dishes attractive.

EMPHASIS ON SWEETS

● Summer is here, but it is never too hot to eat! The recipes on this page are created to pander to the summer appetite, to round off the menu, and to supply nutritive balance to the meal.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

THIS CREAMY SPONGE CAKE, with strawberry jelly, has been produced for general release—children and adults, the well and the not-so-well. A layer of smooth custard is in the recess under the jelly. The minted jellies on pineapple in the picture above are ideal hot-day sweets. The recipe is below.

HERE is a delicious airiness to these sweets that will tempt wilting appetites. They're light, colorful, so pretty to look at, so easy to eat.

The cereal and sugar content supplies energy units; the fruits, eggs, and milk supply whips of vitamins and minerals.

They are also penny-conscious and aware of seasonal shortages.

CHILLED APRICOT CUSTARD

One pint milk, 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup sugar or honey, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 lb. apricots stoned after weighing.

Place the apricot halves in the bottom of a greased oven-proof dish. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour over the apricots. Bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 40 minutes or until a knife comes out clean when inserted in the centre. Remove from oven and chill.

Another egg may be added and the whites omitted when baking and then whipped into a meringue and piled on top and toasted.

PLUM COBBLERS

One pound red plums, 1 cup water, 1 lb. sugar, 6oz. flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 2oz. dripping, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2oz. sugar, 1 or 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Stew the plums until just tender and drain off juice, reserving juice for a fruit jelly or chilled drink. Break plums with a fork, removing stones, and place a spoonful of plums in the bottom of deep, greased patty tins. Sift the flour and baking powder. Cream

dripping, lemon juice, and sugar. Beat in the egg and add the sifted flour and milk alternately. Drop spoonfuls of the batter on to the plums. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Turn out of patty tins and serve hot or cold.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Half-cup lemon jelly, few red cherries, 1 pint custard, 2oz. chocolate or 2 teaspoons cocoa, 2 teaspoons gelatine, few drops vanilla or peppermint flavoring.

Set a pattern with the lemon jelly and cherries in the bottom of a mould. Dissolve the chocolate or cocoa in the custard. Dissolve the gelatine in the two tablespoons of boiling water, and add to the custard. Pour on to the set lemon jelly, and chill until lightly set.

QUICK CHOCOLATE FLUFF

Quarter-pound chocolate, 3 egg-yolks, 3 egg-whites, few drops vanilla, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Melt the chocolate over boiling water. Beat in the egg-yolks, and cook very slowly for 2 or 3 minutes. Allow to cool, and whisk in the egg-whites, beaten to a meringue with the sugar. Add vanilla, and chill. Pile into individual sweets dishes, and top with cherry or split almonds and mint sprig.

ORANGE SPONGE CUSTARD

Three cups cake or bread cut into small cubes, cup orange juice, 2 cups custard made with egg-yolks and a little cornflour to thicken the milk, 1 teaspoon orange rind, egg-whites remaining from the custard, and 3 tablespoons sugar.

Place the cubed cake or bread in an oven-proof dish, and moisten with the orange juice. Pour the custard over the cake. Whisk the egg-

whites and sugar to a smooth, stiff meringue, add the orange rind, and pile on top. Toast the meringue under grill, or in a slow oven, until delicately browned. Serve hot or cold.

MINT JELLY ON PINEAPPLE

Skin and core of one pineapple, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons mint leaves and stems, water to cover, gelatine, green coloring, pineapple slices.

Place skin and core of pineapple in a saucepan with the sugar and mint. Cover with water and simmer for about 30 minutes. Strain, and to each cup of liquid allow one heaped teaspoon of gelatine. Dissolve the gelatine in the liquid and color an appetizing green. Pour into individual wetted moulds. When set, turn out on to sweetened pineapple slices. Luscious served with fresh berries or with ice-cream.

STRAWBERRY JELLY SPONGE

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons hot milk,

1 cup thick, creamy custard, 1 packet strawberry jelly, 1 pint boiling water.

Beat the egg-whites and sugar to a smooth meringue, whisk in the yolks and fold in the sifted flour, and, lastly, fold in the warm milk. Pour into a greased recess tin and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out and cool. Make the strawberry jelly and allow to lightly set. Chop the jelly finely with a knife. Fill the centre of the recessed sponge with thick, creamy custard. Pile chopped jelly on top and at intervals around the sides of the sponge. Garnish, if possible, with fresh strawberries and mint leaves.

CHERRY PIE

Six ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. good clarified dripping, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon sugar, cold water, 1 lb. cherries, 1 pint water, 1 lb. sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour.

Sift the flour and baking powder; rub in the dripping and add the

Puddings for Christmas

● October was the pre-war month for making and hanging to dry the rich plum puddings made from the old family recipes. This year quick, inexpensive recipes, such as those below, are the fashion. They are dark and fruity and quite in line with Christmas traditions.

PLUM PUDDING

Quarter-pound flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 lb. brown sugar, 6oz. breadcrumbs, grated rind of 1 lemon, 6oz. suet, 1 lb. mixed fruit, 2 or 3 eggs, milk or water to mix, 1 teaspoon burnt sugar caramel (may be omitted).

Sift the flour, baking powder, spice, and ginger. Add the grated suet and chop until like fine breadcrumbs. Add the sugar, breadcrumbs, lemon rind, and fruit. Stir in the beaten eggs and mix to a soft consistency, just dry enough to hold its shape, with the milk or water. Add caramel. Turn into well-greased mould, cover with greased paper, steam 3 hours. If reheating, steam another hour.

FRUITY SPONGE PUDDING

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. margarine or dripping, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 2 eggs, 8oz. mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1/3rd cup milk.

Sift flour, spice, cocoa, and baking powder. Cream fat, sugar, orange rind, and marmalade. When smooth and creamy, beat in the eggs. Add the sifted flour, alternately with the fruit and the milk in which the soda has been dissolved. Darken further, if liked, with caramel. Pour into a greased basin, cover, and steam for 2 hours. Make on day of service.

APRICOT CREAM CUP CAKES

One dozen freshly made cup cakes, 1 cup stewed apricot puree, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, sugar to taste, 1 dozen stewed apricot halves.

Scoop the centre from the cup cakes, reserving the crumbs for another sweet. Blend the cornflour with a little cold milk. Heat the remaining milk and stir in the cornflour. Bring to the boil, stirring continuously, and simmer for three minutes. Cool slightly and whip up the well-drained apricot puree. Sweeten to taste. Chill and then pile into the cup cakes. Top each filled cake with an apricot half.

NEXT STOP MAROOGA. HURRY UP, THERE!



AFTER THIS DIRTY TRIP FIRST THING FOR YOU IS A GOOD WASH, MY BOY.



NOW, DON'T YOU FEEL BETTER? AND GUARDIAN HEALTH SOAP SOON GETS RID OF ANY GERMS



HOW NICE TO FIND GUARDIAN SOAP UP HERE, SISTER! JUST LIKE HOME.



WHY, WE'RE NEVER WITHOUT IT! A GUARDIAN SHOWER IS THE FINEST WAY TO START THE DAY.



Holiday cakes win a prize

It's good to spoil the family occasionally! Try the little cakes that win this week's first prize. They're light, luscious, economical.

THE mail is bringing an amazing variety of recipes each week from readers.

Mrs. Freeman's prize-winning recipe is time and labor conscious. Patty-tins can be put away for the duration. Flat tins are certainly easier to wash.

The mock sausages will prove popular with those making a collection of meatless recipes.

Victory gardeners will find the salt method of preserving beans invaluable. The salt draws the moisture from the beans and preserves them throughout the winter. When washed and soaked for a few hours they cook and taste like fresh beans.

DAINTY CAKES AT LITTLE COST

I find this an easy way to make a variety of small cakes.

Cream 2 tablespoons of marrow with few drops of lemon juice in a warm basin. Add 1 cup sugar, beat well, add 2 large eggs, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup cornflour, 1 cup milk. Blend these well and beat for two minutes (flavoring of orange rind or vanilla is an improvement), spread mixture on 8in. x 12in. roll-tin, and bake about 20 minutes in moderate oven. After 10 minutes cut into three triangles and ice this way: Put 1 teaspoon butter into little hot milk and mix into large cup of icing sugar, mix till smooth, and spread one triangle of cake with plain icing; color pink (at side of basin) and spread second triangle; mix some cocoa into remainder and ice third portion. Before it sets, slice off neat strips and lay into diamond, square, and triangular small cakes. Decorate with orange rind, pink with red or green crushed lollies, pipe white icing on chocolate individually. Makes about three dozen small cakes.

Best substitute for butter, I find—butter cakes and biscuits, etc.—is marrow fat. Boil marrow bones for two hours and skim nice quantity of fat off top. Stock makes nice butter scrums.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Freeman, 38 Cobra St., Dubbo, N.S.W.



PILE THE STEWED CHERRIES on the freshly made French toast. The juice of the fruit may be thickened with arrowroot. For a thick glaze the juice may be boiled until it spins a thread in cold water. This gives a candied finish to the fruit. A cake or pastry foundation may be used instead of the French toast.

MOCK SAUSAGES

One cup rolled oats, grated onion to flavor, 1 egg, 1 lump butter, 2 teaspoons milk, 1 cup breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste.

Put oats and onion in saucepan, cover with water, and allow to cook slowly till thick. Take off fire and allow to cool, then add egg (well beaten), lump butter, milk, breadcrumbs, pepper and salt. Put back on fire and cook for few minutes. Take off fire and make into shape of sausages. Roll in flour and fry in plenty of fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. N. Butler, 15 Bourke St., Barnin, Tas.

BEANS FOR WINTER

(Scarlet Runners or kidney beans)

Beans can be preserved for winter use. Use young beans before the seeds start to swell in the pods. Use an earthenware jar. Start with a thin lining of common salt in the bottom of vessel. Broken beans should not be used. Spread a thick layer of beans, then a sprinkling of salt, then a layer of beans, and more

salt, until vessel is filled, ending with a thin layer of salt. Make the vessel airtight. Keep in a cool place. They should be used this coming winter.

When required, put as many beans as needed in a pan of cold water the day before, and let soak all night. Strain off and boil the usual way. (N.B.: Beans shrink in the salt.)

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Bolt, Bransie Rd., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

FARMER'S FRUIT CAKE

Two cups dried apples, 1 cup butter or margarine, 2 well-beaten eggs, 2 teaspoons baking soda, little grated nutmeg, 1 cup sour milk, 2 cups treacle, 2 cups brown sugar, 1 teaspoon allspice, 4 cups sifted flour.

Soak apples in cold water overnight. Next day simmer them in the treacle for one hour, then add the butter or margarine. Leave till cool, then add the sugar, eggs, and the flour, sifted with the allspice and nutmeg, and the baking soda dissolved in the sour milk. Beat well, and bake in a greased cake-tin lined with layer of buttered paper. Bake 1½ to 2 hours in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

SPICED MULBERRY PUFF

Three cups mulberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water. For puff top: 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Stew mulberries with sugar and water. Pour into a piedish. Cream butter and 1 cup of sugar, add beaten egg, and lightly stir in flour with cinnamon. Add milk to make the mixture just thin enough to run over berries like a batter. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes, and while still hot brush over top with melted butter, then sprinkle with a mixture of 2 teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup flour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. C. Bugg, 245 Kelvin Grove Rd., Kelvin Grove, Brisbane.

Vegetables important in baby's diet

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

VEGETABLES, as well as milk, form the basis of feeding in the diet of infants and young children, and should indeed be a very important factor in diet throughout life if good health is to be maintained.

With the present shortages and the high prices of some vegetables, careful planning and correct and economical cooking are more than ever necessary.

A leaflet explaining the use of vegetables in the diet has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded to you if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."



QUICK DINNER SWEET in first stage of preparation. Dip bread slices in beaten egg and milk and fry. Moisten further with spiced fruit juice. See next picture.

The Daily Rule for Better Health!

A teaspoon of Schumann's in a long glass of warm water every morning.

MINERAL SALTS

To keep "fighting fit"

Starving people win no victories; that is why such immense efforts are made on both sides in blockade and counter-blockade.

The people must be fed—and well fed. It is inevitable therefore that the House of Heinz should come into the struggle.

Inevitable that thousands of cases of the famous foods that stream from our kitchens should help in keeping the gallant lads of the Services fit and tough. This has kept the Home Front very short of Heinz 57 Varieties, but every effort has been and will be made to distribute, as fairly as possible, the limited supplies that do become available for civilian consumption.

But one point remains unchanged. Quality will not be sacrificed just to increase production—in this sense, the flag of the 57 is nailed to the mast.

There will be no surrender of quality. Every new package of the 57 Varieties is a renewed pledge of faith—an unbreakable faith.



H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD.

The Kiwi way is the quick, clean way to whiten canvas, kid or buckskin shoes. Just moisten the shoes, squeeze out a dab of Kiwi here and there, and then spread with a moist sponge or soft cloth. Dries quickly, evenly and snow-white. . . . Won't rub off . . . a tube will last a season.



MAKES WHITE SHOES WHITER



PURITY is the essence of Pears' Soap. A purity that makes it perfect for your baby's roseleaf skin. You can actually see this purity for yourself if you just hold a tablet up to the light.

PEARS' ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

A. & F. PEARSON LTD.

PG. 7.27

These *Wheat* foods

...ARE VITAL TO YOUR CHILD'S HEALTH!



Mrs. Winifred Wiseman, whose cooking hints and suggestions are heard over more than 45 radio stations throughout Australia each week, knows the value of foods. And Mrs. Wiseman unhesitatingly recommends Weet-Bix, Granose, or Bixies Whole Wheat Flakes with milk, cream, or stewed fruit for breakfast every morning. "Wheat, milk, and fruit are the three basic foods," says Mrs. Wiseman, "and they form a delightful and nourishing combination when served together."

Winifred Wiseman

Bronzed young bodies...rolling and tumbling in the surf...form a typical picture of young Australianhood. But good health is more than sunshine and exercise. Correct diet is of even greater importance. Children especially, need the rich energy-giving bone and body-building nourishment found in Whole Wheat products such as WEET-BIX or GRANOSE Whole Wheat Flake Biscuits, or BIXIES Whole Wheat Flakes (loose). Made from the finest sun-ripened Australian wheat, these famous Sanitarium products are rich in carbohydrates, proteins, mineral salts, and the precious vitamin B₁, elements that combine to make wheat one of man's most vital foods. War workers, too, need the extra reserves of strength and energy that follow WEET-BIX, GRANOSE or BIXIES served with milk, cream or stewed fruit every morning. And for added good health add one or two spoonfuls of SAN-BRAN, the natural laxative breakfast food. Obtainable from grocers everywhere.



Here's why

Wheat

is so important



Study this diagram of the wheat grain and see for yourself why every country in the world regards the wheat harvest as vital to its domestic security. Containing no less than 16 vital elements, including (1) CARBOHYDRATES for strength and energy, (2) PROTEINS for growth, (3) MINERAL SALTS for rich red blood, and (4) BRAN for regular good health, whole wheat, in some form, should be served in YOUR home each and every morning.

